

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back,"

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance

TWELFTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY KENTUCKY, THURSDAY JUNE 25, 1896.

NUMBER 13.

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. Use. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily.	No. 3. Sundays only.	No. 5. Sunday.
Lexington	10 00 am	6 50 pm	4 35 pm
Avon	9 31 am	6 24 pm	3 55 pm
Winchester	9 10 am	6 03 pm	3 25 pm
Fairlie	8 54 am	5 47 pm	3 00 pm
Indian Flds	8 37 am	5 31 pm	2 40 pm
Clay City	8 19 am	5 12 pm	2 14 am
Stanton	8 10 am	5 02 pm	11 20 am
Filson	7 55 am	4 47 pm	10 48 am
Dundee	7 43 am	4 32 pm	10 17 am
Nat. Bridge	7 38 am	4 27 pm	10 07 am
Torrent	7 24 am	4 14 pm	9 35 am
Beatty's Je	7 03 am	3 52 pm	8 25 am
Three Fks C	6 53 am	3 42 pm	8 00 am
Athol	6 32 am	3 21 pm	7 18 am
Elkton	6 08 am	2 58 pm	6 30 am
Jackson	6 00 am	2 50 pm	6 10 am

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 2. Daily.	No. 4. Sundays only.	No. 6. Daily ex. Sunday.
Lexington	2 20 pm	7 45 am	6 30 am
Avon	2 47 pm	8 15 am	7 08 am
Winchester	3 07 pm	8 40 am	7 30 am
Fairlie	3 21 pm	8 54 am	8 04 am
Indian Flds	3 37 pm	9 10 am	8 24 am
Clay City	3 55 pm	9 28 am	11 45 am
Stanton	4 03 pm	9 38 am	12 10 pm
Filson	4 18 pm	9 51 am	12 41 pm
Dundee	4 32 pm	10 06 am	1 15 pm
Nat. Bridge	4 37 pm	10 12 am	1 26 pm
Torrent	4 51 pm	10 27 am	2 00 pm
Beatty's Je	5 16 pm	10 51 am	3 05 pm
Three Fks C	5 26 pm	11 01 am	3 25 pm
Athol	5 48 pm	11 23 am	4 12 pm
Elkton	6 12 pm	11 46 am	5 05 pm
Jackson	6 20 pm	11 55 am	5 20 pm

Nos. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & O. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

J. D. LIVINGSTON,
Vice Pres. and Gen. Man.
CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.



THIS WATCH

is guaranteed same as our

\$100 WATCHES

to run well and keep good time.

THE PRICE IS \$2.50

This watch is exact size as represented, of American manufacture, solid nickel silver case, stem wind, stem set, quick train, duplex escapement.

Send in your orders or call and see us when you come to Lexington.

Fred. J. Heintz,

Manufacturing Jeweler,

Near Government Building, Lexington.

THE HERALD \$1 a year in advance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Correspondents will please bear in mind that all communications must be received at this office not later than Tuesday evening to insure publication in the current issue.]

MAGOFFIN COUNTY.

Lickburg Localities.

Harrah! for the good old Democracy, or the Democratic party.

N. P. Cooper, the builder of our new school house, is getting along very slow.

Rev. Y. J. Tharp preached at our place last Saturday night. Subject, "Regeneration."

L. C. Bays' son, who has been on the sick list for some time, is thought to be some better.

Miss Rhoda Cooper, of this place, has been visiting relatives and friends at White Oak during the past few weeks.

Five first class certificates issued out of 16 applicants, and 25 or 28 failed, in this county on the 5th and 6th of this month.

The good rains that we have had for the past few weeks have gladdened the hearts of the farmers so much that they are wishing the rain to cease for a while.

Preaching every fourth Lord's Day in each month, and Saturday evening before, by Rev. John D. Bays and others. Sunday school every Sunday at 3 p. m.

The following persons from this place went to meeting at Oney graveyard last Sunday: Misses Nannie May, Emily Slusher, Emily Bays and Rhoda Cooper; Messrs. J. Paris Salyer, R. M. Cooper, A. D. Lacy, J. M. and J. Adams, L. B. J. S. and W. W. Bays, and Lee Cruse. They reported a fine journey.

The sale of whisky is to be voted on in the Bloomington precinct on the 27th of this month. May each voter's conscience so condemn him, that when he goes to the polls to cast his vote he will place it down against the damning stuff that leads our young men down to the grave and causes so much crime to be committed.

June 16.

GUESS.

Lykins Listings.

Thomas Keeton is on the sick list. James Tipton visited his father, Dr. Waller Tipton, the past week.

Several of our citizens will attend the quarterly court at Salyersville tomorrow.

Mrs. George Hammonds is very sick. Also, the small child of Mr. Tyler, living on Johnson.

Samuel Rose, of Lee City, visited on White Oak, Sunday, the guest of Dr. Waller Tipton.

Mr. and Mrs. John Collinsworth visited the family of Samuel Patton at Rousseau several days the past week.

Mrs. George Smith is very low with dropsy at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Barker. The little child of James Allen, that was so badly burned some time ago, is still very ill. Its recovery is very doubtful.

The yearly memorial meeting was held at the graveyard near Wm. Oney's last Sunday. Services were conducted by Revs. Simon Hammond, Green Lykins and J. M. Oney. A large and well-behaved audience was present. Among those from a distance who attended the meeting were the following: Miss Maxey, Mr. Sterling; Miss Mary Sartain, West Liberty; Miss Lane Taulbee, Lee City; Miss Whitaker, Caney; J. P. Salyer and A. D. Lacy, Lickburg; Chas. Atkinson, Salyersville, and J. D. Whitaker, Caney.

Success to THE HERALD and its worthy editor.

June 22.

TEM.

Hendricks Hastings.

Alfred Keeton and wife were guests of John J. Rice, Sunday.

Dudley Arnett was a guest of B. F. Arnett, Sunday night.

William S. May was a guest of G. Wash Rice, Saturday night.

Bruce W. Arnett and wife were guests of Logan Arnett a few nights ago.

Dr. Waldeck, of White Oak, was called to see Ambrose Arnett, who is very sick at present.

Dona C. Patrick and Miss Lania Dickson, of Paintsville, had a nice time buggy riding Wednesday.

Gypsy and Rebecca Hagins, of Whitakersville, were guests of H. G. Arnett, Saturday and Sunday.

A Mr. West, of Salyersville, is taking pictures at Lickskillet at present. Think he is doing splendid good work.

H. G. Arnett and wife, B. F. Arnett and wife, and Mrs. Galen Arnett were guests of Ambrose Arnett, Sunday.

A. B. Patrick, George Spurlock, Henry Flint, Emmet Powers and Dudley Arnett were guests of Miss Flora Carpenter on Sunday.

Kearney S. Hoskins and wife returned from the west a few days ago, to spend the remainder of their days in old Kentucky, the famous bluegrass state.

The Salyersville dramatic club will leave for West Liberty Monday or Tuesday, and from there to Hazel Green, to

give entertainments. Wishing them all success on their journey.

Teachers' examination convened at Salyersville, Friday and Saturday, with Jno. E. Fairchild, J. S. Adams and Superintendent Atkinson as examiners, having 99 applicants. Do not know how many of them will obtain certificates.

June 22.

CORRESPONDENT.

MORGAN COUNTY.

Esel Evolutions.

Mrs. D. G. Combs is on the sick list.

Elder D. G. Combs is home for a short stay.

Hon. Jo Kendall and Willie Hatcher are guests of S. D. Pieratt.

Mrs. N. B. Nickell returned from her visit to Harrison county.

James Lacy and wife, of West Liberty, are visiting friends and relatives here.

Dr. Asa W. Nickell arrived home last Thursday from Louisville, having graduated from the Kentucky School of Medicine with honors. The two medals he won during his course speak in plainest terms of his marked industry and high mental abilities.

June 22.

ASA FRANK.

Be Sure You Are Right

And then go ahead. If your blood is impure, your appetite failing, your nerves weak, you may be sure that Hood's Sarsaparilla is what you need. Then take no substitute. Insist upon Hood's and only Hood's. This is the medicine which has the largest sales in the world. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to cooperate.

From An Old Friend.

Hon. D. S. Godsey received a letter from an old friend and neighbor in Missouri whom he has not seen in about twenty years. We publish the same at Mr. G.'s request.

MAVERBURGH, Mo., June 16, '96.

D. S. GODSEY, Hazel Green, Ky.

Dear friend and brother—After my kindest regards to your better half, Henry and Miss Sue, will say to you that our friend J. H. Harmon and his two charming daughters, of Warrensburg, on their way to Butler, made us a very pleasant call yesterday morning. Among the many things spoken of during their stay was the name of D. S. G., and I promised J. H. H. that I would write you. Was glad to learn that you were on your pegs, that you still parted your hair in the middle, and that you continued to flop your ears. In some respects I am about the same boy that I was when you last saw me. I am compelled to wear glasses or not see what is going on; a few of my front teeth are of the invisible kind; my beard and hair looks rather ancient; my appetite remains about the same. Politically I am in favor of honest money and McKinley for the next president. Religiously, earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints although we are living in a hotbed of Baptists. We have a very nice church house and a congregation of members. We number about 100. Brother J. M. Johnson, of Rich Hill, preaches for us the first Sunday in each month, and we have social meeting every first day. Our children are all gone except Walter. Sammy is at Richards, Vernon county; Vesey is one and one-half miles from here; Hattie is at Gavin, near Memphis, Tenn. Mrs. Carleton's health is very good, her weight is 185 pounds, mine is nearly the same. Oats and flax are looking fine, corn not so good. All in fair health when last heard from. Health of the neighborhood generally good. Bro. Godsey, I hope to hear from you soon with a long letter. Love to all. I am fraternally yours,

D. O. CARLETON.

How a Woman Paid Her Debts.

A lady in Lexington says: "I am out of debt, and thanks to the Dishwasher business. In the past six weeks I have made \$530. Every housekeeper wants a Dishwasher, and any intelligent person can sell them with big profit to himself. The Dishwasher is lovely, you can wash and dry the family dishes in two minutes, and without wetting your hands. You can get particulars by addressing The Mound City Dishwasher Co., St. Louis, Mo. There is big money in the business for an agent. I expect to clear \$4,000 the coming year. I need the money, why not make it?"

Miss G. E.

Texas Tattle.

It is very dry at this time. Farmers are very busy in the cotton fields.

If it don't rain soon corn will be cut short in this section.

I will tell you a bee story. I was in my field planting cane seed when a swarm of bees came up and settled on a small bush. I put them in a gum and they went to work. In about four weeks they swarmed again and went off. Then in about twelve days two swarms came back and settled on a tree in the yard and I put them in gums. They are doing well. Who can beat it? These are facts.

JOHN S. HARPER.

Gravis, Texas, June 1, 1896.



IT TICKLES YOU

THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhea, Flux, Cholera, Morbus, Nausea, Chances of Water, etc. HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc. BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD, DOES GOOD—EVERY TIME.

Sold Everywhere at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. No Relief, No Pay.

HERB MEDICINE CO. SPRINGFIELD, O.



J. M. HAVENS,

PRACTICAL

Jeweler and Watchmaker,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Keeps a full line of Watches, Jewelry, and Spectacles.

Repairing Fine Watches and Gold Spectacles a Specialty.

Testing Free

If you need anything in the Jewelry Line or Fine Silverware, see us. We can save you big money.

DAY HOUSE

Hazel Green, Ky.

MRS. LOU DAY, Proprietress.

The table the best the market affords and rates reasonable.

See Pieratt's Livery Stable in connection.

Millinery and Notions.

I also keep a full line of Millinery, Notions, Dress Goods and Fancy Groceries, to which the attention of the public is invited and their patronage solicited.

MRS. LOU DAY.

THE J. T. DAY

ROLLER MILL.

I now have my Roller Mill in first class order and guarantee as good flour as can be made on any mill in the State where good wheat is furnished.

I will buy Wheat at the Highest Market Price, or will exchange flour for wheat on as reasonable terms as any other roller mill in the state. But I positively will not buy or grind any smutty or musty wheat, as it would work to the disadvantage of the mill as well as those who furnish good wheat.

I will state that I am the sole proprietor of the mill, and I will thank any patron of the mill to report to me any cause of complaint they may have from any employee of the mill and I guarantee to satisfy all just claims, as I intend to deal fair and liberal with the people and trust they will favor me with their patronage as I feel this is an enterprise for the good of the entire community.

Thanking the people for their liberal patronage, I am, very respectfully,

J. T. DAY.

TABLER'S PILE

BUCK EYE PILE OINTMENT

CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.

A SURE and CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY for PILES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Prepared by RICHARDSON MED CO., ST. LOUIS.

TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,

MT. STERLING, KY.

CAPITAL, \$200,000. | SURPLUS, \$30,000.

J. M. RIGSTAFF, President.

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W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your checks, and loan you money when in need.

W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

Winchester Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.

R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.

Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking.

Oct 18, 19

Right in Sight

Sure Saving Shown

We'll send you our General Catalogue and Buyers Guide, if you send us 15 cents in stamps. That pays part postage or expressage, and keeps off idlers.

It's a Dictionary of Honest Values; Full of important information no matter where you buy. 700 Pages, 40,000 illustrations; tells of 40,000 articles and rig. price of each. One profit only between maker and user. Get it.

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H. B. MAUPIN,

WITH

REED, PEEBLES & Co.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c., &c. PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

TIME.

I am that peddler whom all men must buy of—will or nill.
I sell them selves for all their hurts, and cures for every ill.
Though one man has an aching tooth, and one an aching heart,
Both needs must come to me at last to ease them of the smart.
I have scant need to push my sales—
All seek some cure which never fails.
I need not cry,
For all must buy.

Oh, little maids, with rosy cheeks, whereon the tears are wet,
I have a potion in my pack will teach you to forget.
I have a magic handkerchief to dry each tear that starts,
A cement (warranted to stick) for mending broken hearts.
I have a salutary draught,
A bitter water, who hath quaffed
Doth purge love's pains
From out his veins.

Then if you cannot find relief when all my drugs are done,
I have a silent partner who will heal you, every one.
His physic is not very dear for, once you take his pill,
Your heart can never ache again, and all its throbs are still.
So, when you've tried my simples o'er
And failed, I'll lead you to his door.
Good rest—good night.
Put out the light.

—Grace M. Cooke, in N. Y. Independent.

THE CUB CREEK BULL-FIGHT.

BY EDSON KEMP.

The great potato picnic will never be forgotten by the people of the Cub Creek valley. This district was at first the scene of a brief mining excitement. After that there was a blaze of disorderly glory. This subsided into a tame career of cattle ranching, which finally developed an unexpected resource. It was found that the light and powdery soil of the valley, when properly irrigated, produced potatoes in great quantity and of excellent quality.

From this moment the prosperity of the Cub Creek valley was assured. Potato ranches were opened in every direction. Irrigating enterprises were undertaken on a large scale, and land rose rapidly in value. Cub Creek City soon had a population of 3,000 souls, with an opera house, a daily paper and a mayor and city council.

My father was the first mayor of the city. He is a very enterprising man, and had contributed many schemes to "boom" Cub Creek. One of his schemes was the great potato picnic—a kind of grand potato "barbecue," which was advertised far and wide, which attracted many thousands of people, and which served to increase the fame and announce the resources of the district.

Committees were appointed to devise attractive features for the occasion. I was put on the committee on sports, of which my friend, Tom Norcross, was chairman. We were told by my father that no ordinary programme of sports would do, and that we must get up something picturesque, novel and "startling."

"If it is to be picturesque," I said in one of the committee meetings, "it must be borrowed from one of the bygone times in this valley."

We all remained silent and reflected a moment, and then Tom Norcross jumped up in some excitement.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "We'll give them a bull-fight!" We were struck almost dumb by the brilliancy of the suggestion, and adopted it by a unanimous vote.

But it was one thing to decide to have a bull-fight and another to get one up. My father told us that we must "put it through ourselves;" he had no time to superintend it. But we must guarantee that no one should be hurt in it, and that the animals should neither be killed nor cruelly treated.

We gave the guarantee, and set about organizing the "fight." Of course we knew absolutely nothing about bull-fights. We had come to the valley during the potato period, and knew nothing, except from books and hearsay, of the wild life in the mountains and the plains.

Nor could we find anyone who had had experience in bull-fights. So much time passed while we were vainly corresponding with various people in the territory, hoping to find some one who could direct a bull-fight, that when we at last gave up searching and resolved to trust to our own resources, we had but three weeks left in which to prepare for the event.

We read all we could find in the books in the Cub Creek public library about bull-fighting, and then I went down to Cheyenne and studied up the subject in the public library there.

My first proceeding on reaching home was to organize all the boys I knew into a corps of toradores, picadores, chulos, banderillos and matadores. Most of the boys wanted to be toradores or matadores, but Tom and I exercised our authority, seconded by that of my father, to such an extent that we finally filled up the ranks.

Then we appointed a sub-committee on costumes, and called in the assistance of my sister Blanche and of Tom's mother, who had a gift for getting up all sorts of fancy dresses. I gave them my notes on the subject of bull-fighters' costumes, and they set to work.

From a model which I obtained in Cheyenne, I composed a beautiful announcement of the fight in Spanish. At the office of the Cub Creek Daily Boomer this was converted into a magnificent, and sufficiently startling poster, which proclaimed the fact that on the 6th of

October a "Corrida de Toros" would be given at the Great Potato Picnic in Cub Creek. I threw in all the thrilling terms about splendid cavaliers and noble fighting beasts that I could find in the Spanish dictionary.

Everything seemed to be going on swimming now. One further important requirement in a bull-fight had yet, however, to be met. We must have some bulls! This was the most difficult task of the whole enterprise. But at last we borrowed five handsome Texas steers belonging to a ranchman at the head of the creek.

For our arena, we proposed to have an inclosure of barbed wire at one side of the grounds where the potato picnic was to be held, in such a situation that the grandstand, put up for other spectacles, would command an excellent view of it. An entrance way from outside the grounds, through a gate at one side of the grandstand, and flanked on one side by that structure and on the other by an ordinary board fence, was to be constructed.

It seemed to us that a barbed wire inclosure was much better than the ordinary arena of the Spanish and Mexican bull-fights, because it would enable every one to see plainly what was going on, at the same time it provided security for the audience. We brought the Texas steers to the town, and put them on short rations to make them ferocious. We did not intend to hurt them. Neither did we mean they should hurt us.

The costumes were to be the principal part of our Corrida de Toros; we were to have a sort of dress parade around the corral of handsome boys on handsome horses and on foot. The steers were to be driven about actively for some time, and a good deal of dust kicked up; and finally the attention of the people was to be diverted by a balloon ascension. We relied upon the novelty of the spectacle to please the people, and we knew that they would not be pleased by any exhibition of cruelty to animals.

We intended to have a full-dress rehearsal the day before the opening of the picnic, but the costumes were not quite done, and all the workmen in the town were so actively engaged in other branches of labor in preparation for the great event that our barbed wire fence had not been put up. We were forced to wait for the Corrida itself, to make the acquaintance of our toros in the ring.

The potato picnic was certainly an immense success. On one day at least 10,000 people were present on the grounds. Eloquent and stirring speeches had been made; tons of roasted potatoes had been eaten; the bands were playing, and the enthusiasm ran high when the time appointed for the bull fight arrived.

We had been all excitement for hours. Our half-starved steers were in a barnyard near the grounds. Five minutes before the time the gate of this inclosure was opened, and the five cattle were started by the toradores and picadores for the picnic grounds.

By reason of my intimate study of the subject, I had been made chief torador and master of ceremonies. I was mounted on my father's black mare. We had one other torador—Tom Norcross—and three picadores; and our costumes, though made chiefly of cheap flannel and cambie, were in gaudiness of color at least a close imitation of those worn by Spanish bull-fighters.

The cattle proved to be unexpectedly wild. One or two of them, touched up by one of the picadores, plunged about, fiery-eyed and snorting.

After a good deal of trouble, they were driven into the arena, where they leaped and bellowed, and we five boys went careening madly in after them, amid intense excitement. The chulos, banderillos and matadores, on foot of course, stood on a large dry goods box just outside the barbed wire fence, exactly opposite the entrance. From this point they could leap over the fence into the arena.

For their convenience in making their escape, three or four other dry goods boxes were stacked inside the fence and against it.

As we rushed in I saw my father in the grandstand, looking decidedly nervous. I doffed my sombrero in a grand manner to the people in the stand as we rode by, and then, coming to a halt, saluted the crowd with a harangue in Spanish, not a word of which a Spaniard could have understood, announcing the beginning of the sport.

Then we began to chase the steers madly around the ring, with wild shouts, all in carefully selected Spanish. The steers, with eyes on fire and tails aloft, ran magnificently.

After some ten or a dozen of these circuits I gave a signal to the chulos and banderillos, who, the moment we had passed them, leaped over into the ring and ran for the inside dry goods boxes, where they began to wave in the air large sheets of red cambie.

Now came the thrilling moment. When the steers came around so that the red sheets confronted them, we expected them to be furious and to rush madly at them, whereupon the boys were to leap on the boxes and over the fence to a place of safety. This was to be continued until the steers or the patience of the audience gave out, or the balloon went up.

But unfortunately the steers, instead of being filled with fury at the sight of

the sheets, were scared almost to death. They turned about so swiftly that we who were on horseback almost rode upon them; but they dodged us, raced across the inclosure, huddled together with their tails to the fence and confronted us with their long horns. Though I rode my mare toward them as near as she would go—and she was disposed to give them a wide berth—they refused to budge. This was unexpected and mortifying.

The crowd began to laugh and jeer. "Send the other boys around in back of 'em and let 'em punch 'em out!" some one shouted.

This was evidently the thing to do. I ordered—in plain English, this time—two of the banderillos to go around and punch the steers from behind, through the barbed wire. Two of the picadores handed the banderillos their lances.

As soon as the steers were assaulted in the rear they sprang forward with so wild a leap and such frightful bellowing that our five horses turned tail and ran frantically around the ring. They were simply uncontrollable. The steers were bellowing and running in every direction. The remaining boys in the ring, pale with fright, plunged almost headlong over the fence to a place of safety.

Our horses ran, and the cattle ran, each trying madly to get away from the other. The audience shouted with laughter. I screamed to my men, and they screamed back again, but the mad panic continued. There was really danger that a tragedy might follow.

In the midst of it, I saw one of the boys rushing on his horse out through the lane which led to the gate and thus out of the inclosure. Some one had bravely opened the gate, and the brave picador was taking to flight. Afterward I learned that my father had ordered the gate opened.

Another horse and rider lost no time in following the first. He happened to be just ahead of me, and, in spite of my efforts to control her, my mare went heading the same way.

In less time than it takes to tell it every torador and picador had charged down that lane and out of the inclosure; and, as we went out, the whole herd of steers came bellowing after us.

Out into the open space surrounding the grounds we rushed, with the now-maddened toros at our heels. We could hear great shouts of laughter from within. Rows of faces appeared at the top of the grandstand, grinning at us.

I overhauled Tom Norcross.

"Tom!" said I, gasping, as my horse plunged—I was entirely out of breath and so frightfully jolted by the riding that I could hardly speak—"Tom, where are you going?"

"I'm going—out—of town," said he, huskily, "and I ain't coming back till this Great Potato Picnic is over!"

"So'm I!" I gasped.

We rode on, all five of us, toradores and picadores, and did not slacken our speed until we were well out on the road toward the neighboring town of Slatersville, where we put up for the night, after sending a telephone message to my father. The last we saw of the steers they were going down the road toward the ranch where they belonged at the clumsy trot that frightened cattle sometimes take.

The great Corrida de Toros was over. It ended very ingloriously for us. For weeks we were the laughing stock of the town. But the Potato Picnic was an immense success. I have been told a thousand times since that the bull fight was the best thing that day on the programme, but this was always emphasized with a grin.—Youth's Companion.

A Timely Suggestion.

A statesman was invited to dinner with another equally famous by a gentleman of wealth, whose social position was more flattered by the entertainment of such guests than his mind could possibly be improved by them. The dinner was excellent. The host laid great stress upon the value, judged by the only standard he had allowed himself, in money of the several ingredients. In particular did he expound upon the value of his wines. "This gentleman," he remarked, in the manner of a lecturer as the servant removed the cobwebs from a bottle and placed it upon the table, "this wine has been in my cellar for 49 years. I bought it when I was a young man, and the interest, gentlemen, the interest upon what I paid for it would have now amounted to—" The statesman was beginning to tire of this dissertation and winked pleasantly at his confere. "Indeed," said he, reaching across the table and appropriating the bottle, "then suppose we stop the interest."—Boston Budget.

A Daughter's Devotion.

"No, George, our engagement must be broken. Father has failed, you know."
"When did your father fail? I hadn't heard of it," said he, turning pale.
"He failed yesterday, and is very much prostrated in consequence. My whole time must be given to him now. He needs my undivided care and attention, and, though it may break your heart, George, we must part forever."
"Noble girl!" thought George, as he hastily grabbed his hat, and, with his broken heart, went out into the night.—Texas Sifter.

—One telling Socrates that such a one was nothing improved by his travels, "I very well believe it," said he, "for he took himself along with him."—Montaigne.

BEMUDDLED MUSICIANS.

Strident Strains by the Discordant Protectionists.

The lover of music, in the air or otherwise, can scarcely regard as satisfactory the recent performances of the most eminent republican soloists. The McKinley boom is, of course, no longer a solo, but a piece of ill-concerted music, with obligatos for various unsatisfactory performers. The tutti are ill-balanced, harsh, and strident. The conductor has been frequently expostulated with upon the predominance of the brass, but Mr. Hanna does nothing to amend this defect. The batrachian tones of the ophicleides and the notes in the carpet-tearing register of the trombones are completely unrestrained. At all the recent performances they have spoiled by drowning the plaintive snarl of Maj. Hand's beautiful obligato of the oboe. ("We may be happy yet, You bet.") It is not the fault of the still, small Handy that his instrument is not powerful enough to transpire the sounding brasses and tinkling cymbals of the band.

It is a pity, indeed, that there is such a preponderance of brass in the orchestra. The Reed instruments, or woodwind, have not been heard at all at the recent performances. The auditors see the cheeks of Bill Chandler and Lodge, respectively first and second clarionets, bulge and turn red, but no audible sound has escaped them since the "one-night stand" in New Hampshire. Mr. Clarkson at the big drum continues to do wonders to the eye, and he occasionally manages, when the performers upon "sonorous metal blowing martial sounds" happen to be all out of breath together, to make himself apprehensible to the ear. But the bass drum is not properly a solo instrument, and no virtuosity upon the part of the performer can make an unaccompanied

THEY ARE FORGETTING.

Republicans Are Not Keeping Faith with the People.

There are some indications that republican politicians are forgetting the lessons of the last two or three general elections, and are disposed to do some things, to presume that the people have also forgotten recent political history. The republicans carried the country two years ago on protestations of supreme devotion to the public interests. They pledged themselves to introduce reforms, to put an end to the evils of ring rule in states and municipalities, and to elevate the standard of the public service by eliminating altogether the elements of personal greed and selfishness.

In some places they seem already to have forgotten these engagements. In this state the legislature, under the dictation of party bosses, has been engaged in "jamming through"—to use the phrase of a party manager—a number of measures which are vigorously opposed by the people, and which embody no possible public advantage. In some of the municipalities of New Jersey, where power was won by pledges of reform in the government, the expected results have not been realized. The public administration not having measured up to the proposed standards, and as a result, in elections recently held, the party has suffered a severe reverse. Obnoxious candidates who had refused to recognize the demands of public sentiment, and who imagined themselves secure against assault, were practically annihilated. In some localities, by a concentration of the votes of law-abiding, public-spirited citizens who only a year or two ago voted in their favor. In some other states there is, apparently, a like disposition on the part of republicans to use the power committed to their hands



THE MAN WHO CATCHES THE FISH.—Chicago Chronicle.

performance upon it tolerable, except, of course, to Mr. Allison, who has nightly manifested from his box the greatest complacency over the performance of his protegee. But Mr. Allison is very easily pleased, if he is willing to accept gestation for musical effectiveness.

Mr. Platt has made the same mistake as Mr. Clarkson in assuming that the bassoon was a solo instrument, and he has made other mistakes besides. It was undoubtedly an error to arrange "Oh, let us be joyful" in five flats minor, and mark it "adagio melancolico." But it was a still greater mistake for the fagottist to neglect his practice. Clarkson is at least a conscientious artist and hangs the Allison drum for all he is worth, when he is not operating upon the Harrison tinkling cymbals. But Platt does not do justice either to the composition or to his own talents as a fagottist. No man can blow the bassoon properly who insists upon playing a solo upon it with his tongue in his cheek and his hands in the pockets of his neighbors.

We have already intimated that the obligations of the McKinley symphony, the principal number of the programme, were not well done. Where all do so ill, it would be invidious to discriminate, but we are bound to say that Foraker's performance of the passage for fog horn in G flat "allegro maestoso" is by far the most intolerable. It is no wonder that as soon as he begins the conductor stimulates the tubas and trombones to their utmost, and in the language of the poet, "the snarling silver trumpets begin to chide." The wonder is that a performer who plays so persistently out of tune should be admitted into the band at all. Everybody remembers how this player broke up the Sherman cornet band by his outrageously false performance of "Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer." He may be trusted to disperse any organization with which he is connected, and the most pressing duty of the conductor, if he would extract harmony from his performers, is to dismiss his first fog horn. When Foraker plays it, it is not less offensive than the Samonian instrument upon which Mr. McKinley renders his own solos.—N. Y. Times.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

—It is to be hoped that the will not drop out of Foraker's while he is nominating McKinley—Louis Republic.

—McKinley's enemies unite. Mark Hanna continues to fry the and laugh at the bosses as being ped babies.—Utica Observer.

—McKinley is hailed in press platform as the "great apostle of protection." This is ominous. It makes him the 13th apostle.—St. Paul Globe.

—Hon. Whitelaw Reid has taken occasion to state McKinley's opinion on the financial question, but Ohio man continues to wrap him in silence and look like Napoleon.—Y. World.

—Ex-President Harrison has been less recognized in the men who use him to defeat McKinley than the fellows who wrecked Blaine's attempt to defeat Harrison.—St. Louis Republic.

—It is announced that McKinley would be very well satisfied as Thomas Reed on the ticket as the dental candidate. This is plain Mr. Reed entertains an exactly opinion concerning his eminent and fellow-statesman from Ohio.—Chicago Record (Ind.).

THE FARMING WORLD.

HOMEMADE WINDMILL.

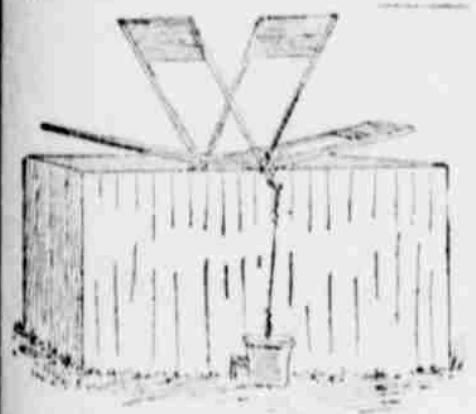
Put Up by a California Farmer at a Cost of Fifteen Dollars.

We lately saw in operation on the farm of C. P. Moore, at Geyserville, a windmill designed and constructed by himself whose total cost to him did not exceed \$15. He had, however, utilized in its construction shafting and other irons taken from an old horse-power threshing machine. Mr. Moore wished to pump water, and his early mining experience, before the days of machine shops or even sawmills in the mining districts of California, had taught him that necessity could invent and produce most things. As we saw the mill working there was a very stiff wind, and almost anything that was loose would have to move, so that day's work was hardly a fair test, but Mr. Moore, informed us that it did its work right along in almost any kind of a breeze and that engineers on the railroad running past had always told him that his mill was working when others along the road were at rest. As we saw it it was forcing water through a three-quarter-inch pipe for about 250 feet with two square turns, and raising it about 25 feet into a 500-gallon tank. Mr. Moore informed us that with an ordinary breeze it usually required about two hours to fill the tank.

We give herewith an illustration of such a mill. The dimensions and construction of Mr. Moore's mill are as follows:

A box of rough boards, without top or bottom, 4 feet by 17 feet and 9 feet high, set level and with plates of 3 by 4 scantling.

Across the middle of this box an inch iron shaft from the old threshing machine, the boxes fastened to the top of the plates of the box. This shaft had collars at both ends, with flanges from which extended four arms to about six or eight inches from the center of the shaft, to which was bolted every alternate arm of the wheel. The collars were fitted to the shafts with keys. As not every farmer has an old threshing machine to pick to pieces, in most cases it would be necessary to devise an equivalent for its construction, which any blacksmith can do. The collars



HOMEMADE WINDMILL.

with flanges can be made and shrunk on to any iron or steel shaft. One end of the shaft projects two inches outside the box and is fitted with a crank to give the length of pump stroke desired. The pump shaft is fitted to this crank.

The arms were made by 1 1/2 x 2 inch fir, eight feet long and somewhat tapered to the outer ends. There are eight such arms at each end of the shaft, thus making a 16-foot wheel. No hub is required. If made square and true at the butts, the ends accurately chamfered to a half meter running to a point, and the points cut off one-half the diameter of the shaft, they will fit exactly around the shaft and make all the hub required. In setting up bolt every alternate arm firmly to the arm of the flange prepared to receive it. If preferred, an eight-arm flange may be made, and each arm bolted. Make an octagon ring of half-inch round iron, or any other iron of equal strength, with a diameter of about 40 inches and clamp to each arm. Beyond that run about three inches of No. 10 wire entirely round the wheel, firmly fastening to each arm. Make the wheels at each end of the shaft exactly alike; faster, thin tough boards across the arms from one to the other for about five feet inward from the outer ends of the wheel; oil the boxes and your mill is ready to work. In Mr. Moore's mill the sails are of light duck, and seem to answer perfectly, but he expresses his preference for boards, and a similar mill built by one of his neighbors had board sails. If metal boxes for the shaft to run it cannot readily be had the mill will run well enough in hardwood boxes.

Such a mill will run at all times and with a wind from any direction, except square across the box. There is no way of stopping it without danger of injury, and when you need no water you must disconnect your pump. Of course the mill can be stopped, but a stiff wind would very likely strain the rather slender construction, if held rigid, and it needs to be light in order to start readily in a light breeze.

It is evident that such a mill as this can be made to develop a great deal of power by increasing the length of the arms or the width of the sails, or both. The arms should not be less than eight feet, making a 16-foot wheel, if any considerable power is expected. The width of the sails could be widened a good deal—how much could, perhaps, only be told by experiment. It is probable that above a certain width the wind would come over the top of the box and interfere with the return of the sails.

The power generated by such a windmill would always be the difference between the impact of the wind on the sails and the resistance of the still air in the box against their return. An 8x20 foot mill in a stiff wind would be a very powerful engine—quite sufficient to do a good deal of irrigating, but with a wind power a reservoir would be necessary, as water might be needed when no wind is blowing. For ordinary domestic supply such a mill as we saw certainly supplies abundant power, for we saw it doing the work.—San Francisco Chronicle.

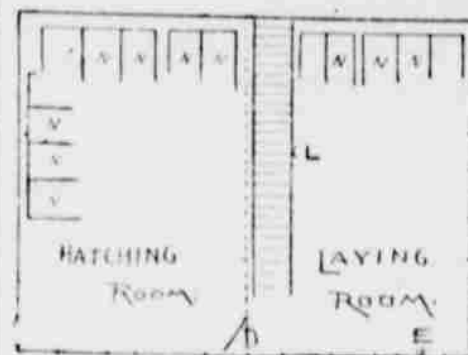
POULTRY HOUSE PLAN.

Description of a Conveniently Arranged Two-Story Structure.

Here is the plan of a poultry house which I built two years ago. It differs so much from any that I have ever seen, and suits me so well, that I give it for the benefit of your readers. The plan is not my own, but a modification of one by which my neighbor built.

My house is 12x16 feet and 10 feet high, with a shingled comb roof, sided with pine shiplap siding 10 inches wide, put on up and down. Use six 4x4 posts, 10 feet high; the other frame stuff is all 2x4.

The first run of nail ties is 12 inches and the second run 60 inches from the



FIRST STORY.

D, door; W, windows; N, nest boxes; L, ladder leading to roosts; E, entrance for fowls under window. The partition is wire netting.

bottom of post. This space of 46 inches between nail ties just suits the old 8x10, six-light sash which I used, putting two sash to the window. Spike 2x11 girders 12 inches from top of 2x4 plates. These girders are the rests on which the perches are laid, not nailed.

The perches are only round poles, flattened at the ends so they will lie solidly and can be taken out and replaced in a minute. The floor under these perches inclines 40 inches to the 12 feet (less incline would be as good). Lay the joists for this floor on the second run of nail ties, on the side of house which has no windows. Spike the other ends to the posts on the other side and 20 inches from the top. Floor with hard pine shiplap flooring, and begin to lay at the lower side. The door marked in the second-story plan is only large enough to allow shoveling the droppings into a cart or barrow on the outside. The window is a single sash set on top of girt so as to slide back, for ventilation. It gives all the light needed upstairs.

Side the front first. Nail on three boards full length; then three more half length; one full length; three half length; two full length; three half length; then three full length finishes the front. This leaves window space just right for the sash I used, and they can be set without frames. Set the lower sash of the corner and end window to slide back.

It is a serious mistake to set windows



SECOND STORY.—S, door for ventilation

in a poultry house more than 12 to 18 inches above the floor. Mine are about 18 inches, and this allows the early morning and late evening sunshine to flood the floor so that the fowls can get the benefit of it.

My laying rooms have 27 nests, and there is room for that many more, if needed. They are made out of board boxes, and so arranged as to leave all the floor space for a scratching place for the fowls. There are rearing pens attached also, which we like very much.—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

Crops for Home Use.

An economical mode of growing early tomatoes, melons, etc., where but a few are desired to produce crops for home use, is to use egg shells. Break the shells near the small ends, fill with rich dirt and plant a few seeds of the kind desired. The shells may be set in a shallow pan or box of bran, and placed in the sunlight on warm days, care being taken not to expose them to cold at night. When transplanting simply set the shell with the plant in the ground. The roots of the plant will soon break through the shell.

Sections of honey that are to be extracted to be used another year must be cleaned out by the bees, or the sections will be likely to contain candied honey.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"He is good-natured, is he?" "Good-natured! Why, I have known that man to wear a smiling face when he was speaking of taking off a porous plaster!"—Boston Courier.

YELLOWSTONE PARK & COLORADO

Personally Conducted Tours.

The Burlington Route will run five personally conducted tours during the summer to Colorado and Yellowstone Park. The dates are June 23, July 7, July 14, July 21 and July 28. Write for illustrated pamphlet of the Park and book of the tours. L. W. WAKLEY, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Louis.

Since the bicycle era envelops us quite, All the universe seems to seek "safety" in flight.

—Boston Courier.

"CAN you cash a check for five dollars?" "Oh, yes." "All right, lend me five."—Life.

The Commissary Department

Of the human system is the stomach. In consequence of its activity, the body is supplied with the elements of bone, brain, nervous and muscular tissue. When indigestion impedes its functions, the best agent for imparting a healthful impetus to its operations is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, also a curative for malaria, bilious and kidney complaints, nervousness and constipation.

AN ENDURING TESTIMONIAL.—First Asphrunt, or Fame—"We've got a hen that's laid an Easter egg!" Second Ditto—"Tooh, that's nothing; my father's laid a foundation stone!"—Fun.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Company, printed near the bottom of the package. For sale by all responsible druggists.

"There are no charms, us by its suddenness and its brevity." "Yes, listen to the popping of those corks!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SEVERE fingers all our lifetime about our eyes, as night hovers all day in the bough of the fir tree.—Emerson.

FIRE stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Mysterious cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

ARTIST—"How do you like my new picture?" Friend—"Be assured I shall always esteem you as a man."—Euclidean Blatter.

"Papa, why did they call Henry of Navarre the Blamed Knight?" "Because he was a bird, my son."—N. Y. Press.

HOW MY THROAT HURTS!—Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A THING is never too often repeated which is never sufficiently learned.—Seneca.

ROBIN winds do shake the darling buds of May.—Shakespeare.

SCIENCE surpasses the old miracles of mythology.—Emerson.

"AT that the tramp lost all control of himself." "How do you know?" "By the way his features worked."—Detroit Tribune.

DORA (stately)—"I became engaged to Mr. Atherton last night." CORA—"O, you pretty girl! You are sure to have a perfectly lovely time this summer now. You know I was engaged to him myself last year."—Somerville Journal.

"I," said the crack boarder, with the air of one who is challenging contradiction, "I am assured that Shakespeare is really Bacon." "It must be admitted," said the cheerful idiot, in a soothing manner, "that some of William's work is on the hog."—Indianapolis Journal.

"WHAT you want to avoid," said the publisher to the struggling author, "is writing over the heads of people." "I know it," was the answer. "I was depending on getting you to take this book so that I could come down out of the attic and do my work on the parlor floor hereafter."—Washington Star.

BAGSLEY—"By the way, how's Chumpley?" SNAGSLEY—"Haven't you heard? Why, his friends are taking up a subscription to put him in the insane asylum." BAGSLEY—"I did not know that he had parted with his reason." SNAGSLEY—"He has, entirely. His wife lost her powers of speech and Chumpley is suing for a divorce."—Philadelphia Press.

"HELLO, Sapphy, where have you been?" "I've been to the gymnasium, exercising, old chap." "You exercising?" "Yes; watching the rest. Exercising my eye, don't you know?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE art of pleasing consists in being pleased.—Hazlitt.

AGAINST stupidity the very gods fight victorious.—Schiller.

MAMMA—"You know, Johnny, when mamma whips her little boy she does it for his good." JOHNNY—"Mamma, I wish you didn't think quite so much of me."—Boston Transcript.

Nothing so suddenly and completely disables the muscles as

LUMBAGO, LAME BACK, OR STIFF NECK,

and nothing so promptly and surely cures them as **ST. JACOBS OIL.**

When buying sarsaparilla....

ASK FOR THE BEST AND YOU'LL

GET AYER'S:

ASK FOR AYER'S AND YOU'LL GET

THE BEST.

The remedy with a record:

...50 years of cures.



"A Bicycle Built for Two."

Battle Ax PLUG

Five cents' worth of "BATTLE AX" will serve two chewers just about as long as 5 cents' worth of other brands will serve one man. This is because a 5 cent piece of "BATTLE AX" is almost as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade brands.

"Contains More Flesh Forming Matter Than Beef."

That is what an eminent physician says of good cocoa. The Cocoa made by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., is the best.

See that Imitations are not palmed off on you.



PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book and Plan. Dr. E. H. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor
CHAS. E. HANCOCK, Business Manager
and Associate Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY, June 25, 1896.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Congressman, Tenth District,
THOMAS Y. FITZPATRICK,
OF FLOYD COUNTY.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR CIRCUIT CLERK.
We are authorized to announce CHAS. T. BYRD, of Campton, as a candidate for the office of Circuit Court Clerk for Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

CARLISLE'S GHOST.

FEB. 2, 1878. * * * THE CONSPIRACY WHICH SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN FORMED HERE AND IN EUROPE TO DESTROY BY LEGISLATION AND OTHERWISE FROM THREE-SEVENTHS TO ONE-HALF THE METALLIC MONEY OF THE WORLD, IS THE MOST GIGANTIC OF THIS OR ANY OTHER AGE. * * * THE CONSUMMATION OF SUCH A SCHEME WOULD ULTIMATELY ENTAIL MORE MISERY UPON THE HUMAN RACE THAN ALL THE WARS, PESTILENCE AND FAMINE THAT EVER OCCURRED IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.—JOHN G. CARLISLE.

FREE SILVER won the day in the Arkansas state convention and instructed for Bland for president by a vote of 420 to 327.

THE friends of Speaker Reed will tender him a re-nomination, and as he desires to be a member of the Fifty-fifth congress, he has agreed to stand.

A gentleman told us this week that he saw a bet made in Lexington of \$100 even that the next president would be a silverite.—Nicholasville Democrat.

CONGRATULATIONS have been pouring in from all parts of the country to the little Napoleon on his nomination. Among others were those from the National wool growers' association and a tin plate association.

ON THE 18th of June, 1815, Napoleon I. fought the battle of Waterloo and was defeated. Will this be the case with the little Napoleon of the Republican party who was nominated for the presidency at St. Louis on the 18th of June, 1896?

AS WE go to press the Republicans of this district are holding their convention at Beattyville to nominate a candidate for congress from this district. Langley has the lead, Hopkins second, and Seitz third, and there is every probability that the first named will be the nominee. All the same his name is "Dennis," or will be after the November election.

HON. THOS. Y. FITZPATRICK, the nominee of the Democratic district convention at Beattyville, on Thursday last, is one of the brainiest lawyers of Eastern Kentucky, a typical Kentuckian in build, and the social equal of any man the Free Silver Democrats will send to the Fifty-fifth congress, and that is saying a whole lot, for their name is legion.

SENATOR DUBOIS, of Idaho, thinks that "the Republican party has written its last law on the statute book." The action of the platform committee in agreeing upon a gold-standard plank leads him to make this combination prophecy and threat. The Republican silver senators whom he represents can pretty certainly prevent the passage of any tariff bill in the next congress, as they have done in this.—New York World.

THE platform adopted by the Republican party at the national convention in St. Louis, last week, declares that the existing gold standard should be maintained; opposes free coinage of silver; pledges protection to American industries; favors reciprocity and just retaliation; indorses Harrison's administration; denounces Democratic rule; favors protecting American sugar; indorses the Monroe doctrine; extension of civil service; favors liberal pensions; advocates

government construction of the Nicaragua canal; favors restriction of immigration, and favors good offices and active interposition for restoration of peace in Cuba.

TWO HUNDRED negroes of Jessamine county are in rebellion against the Republican bosses and will likely put out a county ticket independent of the action of their white brethren. In the language of Prof. Fletcher, one of the negro leaders, "the colored man is growing exceedingly weary of carrying the burden of the Republican party to victory, and when the bosses get into the land of plenty they turn their backs upon the colored man and leave him on the roadside to exist as best he can until their votes are needed again.

THE wording of the financial plank of the Republican party is as follows:

"The Republican party is unrestrictedly for sound money. It caused the enactment of the law providing for the resumption of specie payments in 1879; since then every dollar has been as good as gold. We are unalterably opposed to every measure calculated to debase our currency or impair the credit of our country. We are therefore opposed to the free coinage of silver except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote, and until such agreement can be obtained the existing gold standard must be preserved. All our silver and paper currency must be maintained at the parity with gold, and we favor all measures designed to maintain inviolably the obligations of the United States, and all our money, whether coin or paper, at the present standard, the standard of the most enlightened nations of the world."

HON. THOMAS Y. FITZPATRICK, the Democratic nominee for congress, is one of the coming young men of Eastern Kentucky, able, eloquent and very popular with the people of his section. He served in the legislature with Senator Haggard and Representative Stuart, both of whom speak in high terms of him. He has been circuit and county clerk of Floyd, master commissioner and county attorney, and was the Democratic elector for the Tenth district in 1888. He married a Miss Smith, of Frankfort, and has a happy little home in Prestonsburg. His splendid speech at the courthouse here in 1892, ratifying the nomination of the lamented Hon. M. C. Lisle, is affectionately remembered by our people.

He is a very tall, handsome man, whose presence is remarked in any gathering. Honest, able, eloquent and sincere, he will make a splendid canvasser and a capable congressman. Clark county expects to roll up a rousing majority for him in November.—Winchester Democrat.

Beattyville Convention.

THE Democrats of the Tenth congressional district held their convention at Beattyville last Thursday and after an all night session nominated Thomas Y. Fitzpatrick, of Floyd, Judge W. M. Beckner, of Clark, went into the convention with 341 instructed votes; Fitzpatrick 151; Lykins, of Morgan, 14, and Turner, of Montgomery, 11 votes. It required 38 to nominate. After something like twenty-five ballots were taken, it being in each instance as above stated, the friends of Turner seeing there was no chance of his getting the nomination, he was withdrawn, and his eleven votes went to Fitzpatrick. After four more ballots were taken Lykins' name was also withdrawn and his fourteen votes were given to Fitzpatrick, thus securing the nomination for the Floyd county man.

There was considerable trouble in seating the Powell and Wolfe delegations, and much time was consumed. The committee finally seated the Beckner delegates from Powell, and the anti-Beckner delegates from Wolfe. Owing to the length of time consumed balloting did not begin until after midnight, and the convention finally adjourned at 3 a. m. Friday, after an all night session.

Fitzpatrick, Lykins and Turner were all free silver men, while Beckner had been originally for sound money, but after the Lexington convention had announced his intention of abiding by that platform. The nominee, T. Y. Fitzpatrick, is prominent as a lawyer at his home in Prestonsburg.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pain.

Why

Do people buy Hood's Sarsaparilla in preference to any other,—in fact almost to the exclusion of all others?

Because

They know from actual use that Hood's is the best, i. e., it cures when others fail. Hood's Sarsaparilla is still made under the personal supervision of the educated pharmacists who originated it.

The question of best is just as positively decided in favor of Hood's as the question of comparative sales.

Another thing: Every advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla is true, is honest.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

We have over SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS due us on subscriptions, job work and advertising. We need the money, and must have a settlement. If you haven't the money to pay up, bring us hams, chickens, corn, oats, wood, hay, or almost anything a family can use to advantage, and we will make arrangements for settling. Our subscription list will be thoroughly overhauled on the 1st day of August next, and all who are in arrears dropped therefrom. Look at the date after your name on the address of your paper and see how you stand. If in arrears come in and settle at once, for if you don't your name will be stricken from our mailing list on August 1, 1896, and should you fail to receive THE HERALD after that date you will know the reason why; **YOU ARE IN ARREARS!**

WOLFE COUNTY.

Lane Locals.

John S. Terrell is on the sick list.

Thomas C. Hollon bought a horse from Wm. Landsaw for \$40.

Nannie J. Graham, of Gillmore, was in our midst last week.

Mrs. Green Brewer, W. J. Graham and C. B. Hollon are on the sick list.

Joseph Cundiff, of Breathitt, passed through here Friday, en route to Sandfield.

Quite a crowd from Holly attended the Sunday school convention at Sandfield Saturday.

Elder Dunegan and wife, of Morgan county, were called to the bedside of of Mrs. Dunegan's mother.

E. B. Tyra is erecting a new store house in front of his dwelling. We have more stores than money.

Your scribe, in company with J. F. and Ezell Horton, attended the sheep-eating in the Flatwoods Sunday. The meeting was conducted by W. M. Pence and others of the Church of God. Your scribe was requested to count the crowd, which he did, and found 450 people present.

June 20.

SHANGHAI.

James Conley and wife left a nice little home in Magoffin county about two years ago and emigrated to Oklahoma hoping thereby to better their condition. Like all true Kentuckians they found there was no place like the old home place, and started back. They passed through here last Thursday, after being on the road 37 days, and painted on their wagon cover was "To Kentucky or Bust!"

Robt. McLin, of Torrent, is in town on business.

Japanese Oil is said to be the most wonderful liniment for external application that scientific chemists have yet been able to compound. Hundreds and thousands testify to this, as it has saved both life and expense. Sold at this office at 50 cents a bottle. Try it, as it is a household necessity and always "a friend in need."

J. A. Lipps, ex-superintendent schools Menefee county, and now at Olympia, in Bath county, with his wife is a guest of Mrs. Ellen Kash, of this place. Mr. Lipps is representing the Standard Kitchen Cabinet, an article that should be in every well regulated kitchen in this county, for which he holds the agency. THE HERALD will next week tell something of the merits of this household necessity and our good housewives can judge of it.

GREATEST CLOTHING SALE

IN THE HISTORY OF THE TRADE.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 4,

And Continuing Until Closed Out.

The Largest and Best Stock of Clothing in Kentucky.

REGARDLESS OF VALUE!

REGARDLESS OF COST!

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We do not care what prices competitors name, we will take 25 per cent off of same goods. In our stock we have Fifteen Hundred Suits of Clothing, costing from \$12, \$15, \$20 and \$25, which we have put the knife to the core.

COME AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE FOR \$7.50.

Nothing reserved in this lot. But Bring the Cash With You When You Come! One Hundred and Fifty Middlesex Flannel Suits, sewed with silk thread, and new fresh goods, at \$7.00 per suit, color guaranteed.

THIS IS A CORKER!

Four Hundred and Fifty Suits from our last sale, which sold at \$4.00, and worth \$10 and \$12, at \$3.99. Pants at 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1, worth \$1.50, \$2 and \$3. One Hundred pair Pants, fine wool cassimere, at \$2, worth \$5.

You Never Did, You Never Will, Buy Good Clothing At These Prices.

Louis & Gus Straus.

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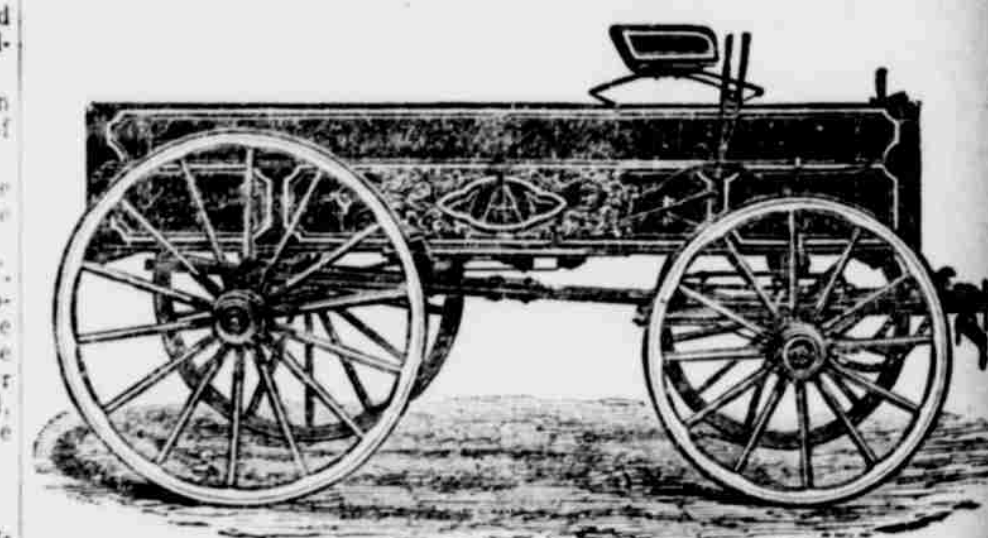
LEXINGTON AND PARIS, KY.

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BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON MAKERS,

HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.



WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BUILDING FARM and ROAD WAGONS, use the Best Material and Guarantee Satisfaction. Call and get our prices, and when you need anything of the kind give me your order. Patronize Home People, get only Honest Work, and be Happy.

IN THE HORSE SHOEING AND REPAIR DEPARTMENT WE employ only skilled labor, every man being an artist in his specialty, and your work is respectfully solicited.

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LIVERY AND FEED STABLE,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

H. F. PIERATT, Proprietor.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE DAY HOUSE.



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THE GREAT BUSINESS TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH.
A School of Business, Shorthand, Penmanship, Telegraphy & Bookkeeping.
HUNDREDS OF GRADUATES HOLDING FINE POSITIONS RECOMMENDED BY THE LEADING BUSINESS MEN OF THE COUNTRY. MENTION COURSE WANTED.
CATALOGUE & JOURNAL FREE. Cherry Bick, Bowling Green, Ky.

THE HERALD.

Hazel Green Hearsays & Happenings.

The fair association will hold a business meeting next Saturday afternoon.

Joseph Cundiff, of War Creek, was the guest of Miss Minnie Wallace last Friday.

John Pence, of Holly, was the guest of Miss Rebecca Wood, during the past week.

J. Taylor Day returned from Torrent last Monday and reports L Park booming.

The carding machines in Maytown are running steady, and Mr. Hall is making excellent rolls.

H. C. Quicksall is in Newport this week, attending the meeting of the state teachers' association.

H. Chap. Swango and his wife and baby boy, of White Oak, visited friends and relatives here this week.

The Sunday school convention at Sandfield was largely attended, every school in the county being represented.

A number of delegates to the Republican congressional convention at Beattyville passed through here Monday.

Wm. H. Cord's topic Sunday morning at the Christian church will be "If Christ should come to Hazel Green today."

Lack of space this week precludes the publishing of a communication on "That Yaller Calf." It will appear next week.

Spencer Cooper and his better were guests of the Pryse House and took in the convention.—Beattyville Enterprise.

Frank Tyler left for Tennessee last Sunday in answer to a message giving news of the death of his uncle, John Tyler.

Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach and strengthen your nerves.

Miss Laura D. Rawlins, our popular milliner, left last Monday on an extended visit to relatives and friends in Corvinton.

Rev. J. H. Scott, colored, reports his Sabbath school at Daysboro progressing finely. It meets every Sunday afternoon at half past one o'clock.

Prof. W. H. Cord will preach to the colored folks at the Daysboro church next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. Let there be a full attendance to hear the professor talk.

Last Sunday, near Glencairn, in this county, John Fuiks was struck on the head by Sam Noble, the blow knocking him senseless. At last reports Fuiks was in a serious condition. Whisky and a woman at the bottom of the case.

It is reported that Miss Georgia Sawyer, of Virginia, will have charge of the colored public school at Daysboro next session. Miss Sawyer is a graduate of the Knoxville (Tenn.) seminary and comes well recommended as a teacher. She is a sister-in-law to Rev. J. H. Scott.

One of the leading ladies of Hazel Green has discovered an infallible cure for chicken cholera. Several of her chickens gave symptoms of the dread disease, and catching one of them tried the remedy with the greatest success. She saturated the afflicted fowl with coal oil and then applied the match. The cure was complete.

Hon. W. O. Mize, superintendent of the Christian Sunday school at this place, on Tuesday evening received a "Birth-day Box" from the foreign missionary society. It is quite an unique affair. All who are interested in mission work should be at the school next Sunday morning, at which time the superintendent will explain the use to which the box is to be put.

Among the guests at the Day House during the past week, we notice the following: M. T. Womack, J. S. Wheeler, O. J. McKenzie, J. R. Kendall, S. Davis, Frank Thomas, West Liberty; J. W. Hatcher, Deale; M. W. Hagen, Augusta; W. H. Poynter, London; H. L. Patrick, Pin Hook; W. J. Seitz, M. W. Nickell, West Liberty; Dr. S. G. Spradling, Frenchburg; E. O. Amos, Cincinnati; W. C. Tabor, Rothwell; A. T. Patrick, W. C. Patrick, Salyersville; N. Lykins, Wm. Langley, J. M. Flannery, Curtis Ford, Prestonsburg; Fred Vaughan, Geo. F. Hatfield, Flat Gap; W. H. Vaughan, John F. Howes, Curt Dimmick, Paintsville; J. A. Rowland, Salyersville; J. H. McCoy, J. G. Havens, Martin county; F. M. Plank, Chattanooga, Tenn.

We have over SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS due us in subscriptions, job work and advertising. We need the money, and must have a settlement. If you haven't the money to pay up, bring us hams, chickens, corn, oats, wood, hay, or almost anything a family can use to advantage, and we will make arrangements for settling. Our subscription list will be thoroughly overhauled on the 1st day of August next, and all who are in arrears dropped therefrom. Look at the date after your name on the address of your paper and see how you stand. If in arrears come in and settle at once, for if you don't your name will be stricken from our mailing list on August 1, 1896, and should you fail to receive THE HERALD after that date you will know the reason why: **YOU ARE IN ARREARS!**

Store House For Rent.
I have a first class brick store house, situated on one of the best corners in Hazel Green which I desire to rent. John M. Rose has closed out and quit the goods business which leaves a fine opening for a first class store. Call and or address G. R. SWANGO, May 6, 1896. Hazel Green, Ky.

Some silver miners from New York who have been prospecting for the Swift silver mine, which is supposed to be somewhere on Swift Camp creek, claim that they have found the mine about three miles from Campton on the farm of Mrs. Lena Williams. They have some kind of ore in their possession, which was found on the Williams farm, which resembles silver ore.

Spoons Free To All.
I read in the Christian Standard that Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated hook spoon to anyone sending her ten 2-cent stamps. I sent for one and found it so useful that I showed it to my friends, and made \$13 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a household necessity. It can not slip into the dish or cooking vessel, being held in the place by a hook on the back. The spoon is something housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Any one can get a sample spoon by sending ten 2-cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around home. Very truly,
JEANNETTE S.

Dr. A. C. Nickell, of this place, was on Thursday last called to attend Mrs. J. B. Hollon, on the State road fork, and found her suffering from a wound inflicted by a needle puncturing the fleshy part of her hand. The needle had broken at the time and a part of it was left imbedded in the flesh, causing a very painful wound. He removed the needle and dressed her hand, since which time she is doing nicely.

Ice Cream Made by a New Process.
I have an Ice Cream Freezer that will freeze cream instantly. The cream is put into the freezer and comes out instantly, smooth and perfectly frozen. This astonishes people and a crowd will gather to see the freezer in operation and they will all want to try the cream. You can sell cream as fast as it can be made and sell freezers to many of them who would not buy an old style freezer. It is really a curiosity and you can sell from \$5 to \$8 worth of cream and six to twelve freezers every day. This makes a good profit these hard times and is a pleasant employment. J. F. Casey & Co., 1143 St. Charles street, St. Louis, Mo., will send full particulars and information in regard to this new invention on application and will employ good salesmen on salary.

On our eighth page will be found the premium list and purses offered by the Hazel Green fair association. Read it carefully and see if you can not bring something worthy to compete for prizes. The ladies especially should take great interest in the floral hall display, which is gotten up for their benefit. A committee of ladies has been appointed to take charge of this display whose names will be published in our next issue.

OMAHA, NEB., June 17, 1896.
SPENCER COOPER, Esq.
Dear Sir—Enclosed find postal order for One Dollar, which will pay for the HAZEL GREEN (Ky.) HERALD, weekly, for one year, ending June 18, 1897.
Respectfully,
THOS. NICKELL,
2804 Cumming St.

ENGLISH KITCHEN.

12 W. SHORT STREET, LEXINGTON, KY.

Regular Meals, 25 cents. Meals to order at all hours. Breakfast from 5 to 9 a. m. Dinner from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Supper from 5 to 9 p. m.

Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish and Chicken a Specialty.

GUS. LUIGART, Proprietor.

The supporting of a newspaper costs a town scarcely a cent. Though the paper may be well patronized, and business men may spend large sums in advertising, the cash very quickly gets back into the channels of trade from which it came. Nearly every cent a paper gathers in is spent at home, and it goes to the merchants who delight in benefiting themselves and the community by liberal advertising. Boiled down the facts are that a newspaper returns all the money it gets to those who gave it, and its work for the town and county is thrown in for good will.

NOTICE.

I want every person who owes for tuition or board to come in and settle up at once, as I must make a settlement with the C. W. B. M. July 1. There is no need to delay this matter, our work has been done, you have received the benefits, and now let's settle up and begin anew.
WM. H. CORD, Prin. H. G. A.

A Lexington man who believed that people would sign any kind of a petition that was presented to them, drew one up calling for a wooden shed to be built over the dome of the court house. He had won over 100 signatures of prominent people before his game was discovered. The joke was a poor one, but it throws some light on the actual significance of the average petition as to public sentiment.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches, a year old, fresh as when picked. I use the California Cold process, do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing, can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last week I sold directions to 120 families, any one will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such, and feel confident anyone can make one to two hundred dollars around home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and complete directions to any of your readers for eighteen 2-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc., to me.
FRANCIS CASEY,
9-21 St. Louis, Mo.

Wm. McKinley

Agents wanted to sell the Life and Speeches of McKinley, with Proceedings of the St. Louis Convention, Platform of Party and other valuable information. 320 pages, with 20 full page illustrations. Price, \$1.00; half morocco, \$1.50. SIXTY PER CENT DISCOUNT TO AGENTS. Send 30 cents for Prospectus and full particulars, and go to work at once. You can sell 200 copies in your town. Address J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, 57 Rose street, New York. 12-19.

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O— BETWEEN —O

Hazel Green and Torrent.

One Hack leaves each place every morning (Sundays excepted) at 8 o'clock.

FARE \$1.00 EACH WAY,

payable in advance at my offices in Hazel Green and Torrent. Intermediate points in proportion to distance, or 5c per mile.

25c Baggage, Merchandise and Express, 50 cents per 100 pounds.

TWO LIVERY STABLES.

One at Torrent and one at Hazel Green, both of which are supplied with good stock and rigs for the accommodation of the traveling public.

Special attention to the accommodation of commercial travelers and parties conveyed to any point on reasonable terms. Soliciting the patronage of the public, I am, respectfully, etc.,

J. TAYLOR DAY.

COMBS HOUSE, CAMPTON, KY.

J. B. HOLLON, PROPRIETOR.

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention to the comfort of guests.

A. FLOYD BYRD,

Campton, Ky.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

25c Abstracts of title furnished, collections made and prompt returns guaranteed. Connected with the law firm of Wood & Day Mt. Sterling, Ky., in civil practice.

H. F. PIERATT

Will sell you

FLOUR, SUGAR, COFFEE,

At the following prices:

White Pearl Flour, \$2.20 per hundred.
Arbuckle Coffee, 20 cents a pound.
Granulated Sugar, 6 1-4 cts. a pound

All other goods in proportion. Come and see me. I will make you happy, and you will feel like life is worth living. I will sell you some of your goods or some other man will give them to you. This means a Cash transaction. Don't ask for credit.

Respectfully,

H. F. PIERATT.

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Normal and Preparatory School.

"The Cheapest and Best School in Eastern Kentucky."

The Next Session Begins September 1, 1896.

Full Courses Sustained in Every Department. Expenses the Lowest; Discipline the Firmest; Instruction Thorough.

Special Courses in Bible, Shorthand and Typewriting, and Drawing; also Business.

HERE is the best opportunity in the mountains to obtain an education at a small cost. Catalogue and particulars.

WM. H. CORD, Principal.



A NEW ENTERPRISE!

Having sold my Stable I have gone into the

SADDLERY & HARNESS

BUSINESS.

And ask the patronage of the community. I make and repair all kinds of Harness and Saddles, and my prices are as low as the lowest.

JOHN H. PIERATT.

I. DINGFELDER,

WITH J. M. Robinson, Norton & Co.

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DRY : GOODS : AND : NOTIONS,

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FAT FOLKS REDUCED

per month by a harmless treatment by practicing physician of 20 years' experience. No bad effects or debility from medicines. No serious, wrinkles or fatness. Improves general health and beautifies complexion. Physicians and society ladies endorse it. Thousands cured.

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Physician and Surgeon,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

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A. HOWARD STAMPER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
CAMPTON, KY.
Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

MOST IN QUANTITY. BEST IN QUALITY.

WORMS!

WHITE'S CREAM

VERMIFUGE

FOR 20 YEARS

Has led all WORM Remedies.

EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Prepared by RICHARDSON MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS.

THE ACCIDENTS OF LIFE

Write to T. S. QUINCY, Drawer 150, Chicago, Secretary of the STAR ACCIDENT COMPANY, for information regarding Accident Insurance. Mention this paper. By so doing you can save

memberships fee. Has paid over \$500,000.00 for accidental injuries.

Be your own Agent.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., 57 Broadway, New York, N. Y., for their FREE price list and list of 50,000 patented inventions wanted.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. : : K.V.

THERE.

Here I am sick with thinking and with dreams.
With memories of struggles lately past.
Here come to me the town's sharp, fretful strains
Of jarring sounds—that all sweet sounds outlast.

There in the wood's shut heart is spacious calm;
And vast, deep silence; and sweet spicing
Shed downward from the dusky pines like balm—
Good to sad souls that ache for sympathy.

There, from the open mouth of one cool spring,
The gurgling laughter breaks in silvery streams—
Too soft to mock the quiet of a human thing,
Beside it resting from late fever-dreams.

There vague, fresh airs uplift, like finger-tips,
The matted curls from off the throbbing brain;
And vapory kisses from the mist's light lips,
Dissolve upon the cheek in fine, sweet rain.

There is green shadow, shot with threads of gold—
Too mellow-toned to strain an aching eye—
And there a heaven of bluffs, on a void
Far up the sloping hillside that lies by.

There can one catch, too—prone in emerald gloom—
Semblance of dawn, rose billows, fanning fair,
Of a peach orchard full of clustered bloom
That blows pink flakes afar—Would I were there!

—Lulah Hagadale, in Harper's Magazine.

LOVE IS EVER YOUNG.

She had not the least shame about telling her age; on the contrary, she was rather proud to do so, it was something to be proud of, not that she was 64, but that at 64 she looked not a day over 48, and a blooming 48 at that.

True, her hair was silver, but what a waving wealth of silver! And it was not sent to soften wrinkles, either; she wore as many of these ornaments as is legitimate to wear at 48, and no more. Oh, she was certainly a wonderful woman for her age, was Mrs. Joseph Allestree!

It did not detract from the comparatively youthful appearance of Mrs. Allestree that her costumes always represented the height of fashion.

Quaint, indeed, she appeared, particularly on a certain evening, standing in the old square portion, with the sun shining straight under the trees into her face.

The house at her back was low and long. It stood endwise to the lazy little river that flowed at the foot of the abruptly sloping lawn. On the other side, at the end of a long, shady avenue, was a gate with an old-fashioned wooden arch over it, concealed by vines.

It was toward this gate that Mrs. Allestree looked, leaned forward eagerly, like a girl, one hand shading her eyes from the level sunbeams. She wore white—think of her daring to wear white! She was watching for Joseph. He had gone down to Stoneton—only a mile distant—for the post at five o'clock. That was two hours ago. Joseph did love dearly to gossip with the old farmers and shopkeepers, but he really ought to remember dinner time.

But Joseph had not forgotten his dinner. At this very minute the gate opened and his little gig rolled in, followed by three enthusiastic dogs—a St. Bernard and two red setters.

Mr. Allestree, after embracing his



STANDING ON THE OLD SQUARE PORTICO.

wife as if he had just returned from a year's journey, went in with her to dinner, and Mr. Allestree was—. But I will not describe him; simply, he was everything that the husband of Mrs. Allestree should have been. Forty-two years had gone by since their marriage, and in all that time they had never been separated a single day.

"Dearest," said Mr. Allestree, as they sat down, "I owe you an apology for my tardiness, but it couldn't be helped. I got a letter calling me away on an important matter, and I had to stop to attend to some things in the village. I must go immediately—to-morrow."

"Oh, that Perley affair," she said, glancing over the page. "But, Joseph, can't you put it off? Remember, the Kennedys are coming in the morning, to stay over Sunday."

"I cannot, Henrietta; it's got to be attended to at once."

"But, Joseph, you can't go without me; you know you never did such a thing."

"I am afraid I must do it this time," he replied, mournfully.

They sat in silence for some minutes. Twice Mrs. Allestree wiped away a sly tear with her napkin. At length, bravely assuming a cheerful aspect, she asked: "How long will you be gone?"

"I can't possibly reach London, accomplish all I want to and get home again in less than ten days."

"Joseph, it will kill us both."

"Ah, no, my dear," he laughed, "it won't quite do that—at least, I hope not. It will be hard, very hard. But think, my love, we were apart for five long years once on a time."

"Ah, Joseph"—with a sob in her voice—"that was before we had ever lived together. We only knew each other by letter, you know."

"And a mighty comfort did we take out of those same letters. Isn't it strange that in two and forty years we should never have had occasion to write to one another? Not since you were Henrietta Shower."

"It is a singular circumstance," she replied. "Yes, we can write. Do you know, Joseph, the thought of it already consoles me a little; it will be such a delightful novelty."

It was a good thing for Mrs. Allestree that she expected visitors. But after the guests had departed her condition was pitiable. Especially as no letter had come.

Mr. Allestree had gone away early on Saturday; now it was Tuesday. She had managed to be patient over the Sabbath; but on Monday morning, when Jimmy came up from Stoneton empty-handed, she had refused to believe that



HE CARRIED A PACKAGE OF LETTERS. he had not dropped the letter or that the postmaster had not overlooked it.

There were only two deliveries in the 24 hours, and at evening the same performance was repeated.

On Tuesday Mrs. Allestree went herself to Stoneton and delivered a severe lecture to the postmaster upon the general indifference of government officials, thereby greatly annoying the poor man.

Mr. Framwell began to dread the hours of delivery. Twice a day, whatever the weather, Mrs. Allestree presented her handsome, anxious face at the window.

When he handed out the post to her, and she found not the letter she longed for, an angry face it was that peered in at him, and a stern—all but well-bred—voice that demanded of them to hunt through every box, lest, perchance, he had made some error in distributing.

The deserted, neglected wife must blame somebody, and she would not blame her husband. She did not at first even dream of blaming Joseph.

By the middle of the week her whole mood changed. She felt hurt, deeply hurt; there seemed to be no reason, no excuse for such neglect. To think that this, their first separation in so many years, should be unbridged by a word!

She could not have the consolation of writing to him, for he had left no address, there being an uncertainty about the very part of London in which that troublesome Perley was living.

It was the way of men, and he, it seems, was no better than the rest of them. Once out of her sight he forgot—forgot all the love and daily devotion of 42 years!

By Saturday morning Mrs. Allestree was ill—ill enough to go to bed. Jimmy had to fetch both posts, and after delivering in person the first one—which consisted of papers only—he vowed to Molly that he would not approach Mrs. Allestree again while Mr. Allestree was away.

All day Sunday Mrs. Allestree lay silent in a dark chamber. Molly could not get a word from her, nor would she eat.

It was almost fearful to be so weak. True, she was in despair; she had given up all expectation of seeing Joseph again, but, compared with the bewildering tossings of vain conjecture, her present state was one of quietude and peace.

But by Monday morning she was suffering torments once more. She felt that if Jimmy returned without either Joseph or a letter she would surely die. And, indeed, she nearly died as it was.

When the wheels sounded again upon the gravel, Mrs. Allestree sat up in bed. She was whiter than her hair. No voices were heard below; she clutched her heart and gasped. But presently a door opened, and a step came up the stairs. It was the step of Joseph. As he entered the room she fell back among the pillows.

"My dear Henrietta, what's all this?" He looked around almost accusingly upon the two frightened women as if he had caught them in the act of assassinating their mistress.

"Didn't Jimmy tell you?" she murmured.

"You know Jimmy never tells anything. He did say you weren't well. But have you been very ill, dear?"

The women had withdrawn, and he seated himself upon the bed.

"Joseph, you might have sent me one little line!"

"Wh-what? I don't quite comprehend. A line?"

"Yes; it wouldn't have hurt you to write a line."

"Henrietta, I wrote to you every day and sometimes twice a day."

They stared at each other.

"But I never got a solitary letter," she said, presently, "I sent to every delivery—went myself until I became ill; Mr. Framwell said there was nothing from you. It nearly killed me, Joseph."

"However," he muttered, "they couldn't have all miscarried—I—Henrietta! I have it. Wait; I'll be back in 20 minutes," and the gentleman fairly ran out of the room.

He laughed all the way downstairs, and he heard his ha-ha's between his shouts for Jimmy to bring back the trap. In a few minutes they rattled out of the grounds, and within the time he mentioned they rattled back again.

Mr. Allestree tore breathless up the stairs, bursting boy-fashion into his wife's room. He carried a package of letters, which he spread out in a circle on the bed. There were 14 of them, and every one was addressed to Miss Henrietta Shower.

For a short space nothing was said, and then the two aged lovers began to laugh, and they laughed until they cried.

"Joseph," she said, "it's very funny, very, but it was almost the death of me. How did you come to do it?"

"Why, Henrietta, love, when I once got out of your dear, familiar presence, the old days came back completely. You were little Hetty Shower, and—"

Mr. Joseph Allestree blushed. He did not often quote poetry:

And our two-and-forty years
Seemed a unit that rolled away.
—Pearson's Weekly.

Rearing Lions.

The greater part of the lions exhibited to the public, according to a showman, have been born and reared in traveling menageries and circuses. Nowadays the breeding, training and taming of wild beasts constitutes a regular business and is carried on systematically in England. As soon as a lioness has a litter of cubs they are taken away from her and given to a colley, Newfoundland or any other canine foster-mother. As a rule, a woman looks after both nurse and cubs, the task usually falling to the lot of the mistress of the caravan. When born the lions are like young cats. The little family is usually accommodated in a corner of the caravan or in the trainer's private apartment. In their infancy the young lions are treated just like kittens. When they are able to walk they have the run of the place, play about and seem to look for and enjoy the caresses that are bestowed upon them. They recognize for a long time the authority, so to speak, of the foster-mother and are obedient to her wishes even after they have considerably outgrown her in size.—Chicago News.

The Old Man's Opinion.

"Father," began Johnnie.
"Stop your noise," snapped Mr. Woodie, rattling his paper.

"Do you think," said Johnnie.

"Think nothing," snorted the old man. "You've broken my reading 40 times to-night. Why don't you shut your head and quit bothering?"

"Can't I ask you one question?" insisted Johnnie.

"What is it?" demanded his father violently.

"What is it you've got to know that's so vital you can't let me have a minute's quiet with my paper?"

"Teacher told us to ask it," snuffed Johnnie.

"Well, out with it, then," commanded the old man, impatiently. "What is it?"

"Do you think," said Johnnie, "that Niagara can be dammed?"

Mr. Woodie flung his paper to the floor and ground his heel into it savagely.

"It can for all me!" he roared.—N. Y. World.

Cake in His Soup.

An entertaining anecdote, which, moreover, has the merit of being true, is related by the Isle of Wight people about the late Prince Henry of Battenburg. As is well known, he was an enthusiastic follower of the hounds, and on one occasion was present at a hunt breakfast given at the residence of one of the prominent members of the hunt.

It was a cold morning, and the hot soup that was set before the guests was much appreciated by them. Prince Henry sat down and began gravely to crumble up a large slice of some rather rich plumcake into his soup. This curious mixture he placidly consumed, and evidently enjoyed. To a gentleman who sat next to him, and ventured to remark upon the combination, the prince replied: "It is very good. Try it!" But the invitation was laughingly refused.—London Tit-Bits.

A LITTLE NONSENS.

"Look here, John, we have now been married some time. Why don't you leave the Bachelors' club?" "They want to keep me as—" "Honorary member?" "Oh, no—as a warning example."—File-gende Blatter.

"No Love Lost.—Magistrate—"Is the prisoner known, constable?" Constable—"Yes, he's well known to the police, your worship." Prisoner (savagely)—"Garn! I ain't on speakin' terms with none o' yer!"—Fun.

Teacher—"Can any little boy tell me which is the longest day in the year?" Billy—"Some fellows say the day before Christmas is, and some say the day before the Fourth of July."—Harper's Round Table.

Satisfactorily Explained.—"Well, of all the impudence! Asking me to help you because you have three wives to support!" "They don't belong to me, mister—nothin' of the sort. They belong to me sons-in-law."—Tit-Bits.

Ambiguous.—The Bishop (to young widow)—"My sister, I dare say you find comfort in the thought that you made your husband happy while he lived." Young Widow—"Yes. Poor Jack was in Heaven, till he died."—Pick-Me-Up.

Strategy.—"General," said the Spanish subordinate, "a band of Cubans is approaching. Shall we stand and give them battle?" "No. Let's see if we can't get quietly around behind them and pursue 'em. It sounds all right in the dispatches and it is a good deal safer."—Washington Star.

"Charley," said young Mrs. Tocker, "you know I always try to keep posted, so that I can talk with you intelligently." "Yes." "Well, I've been reading about horse races." "You don't say so!" "Yes. And I want to ask you one question. Do they pick out a short horse by measuring him from his feet upward, as they measure a man, or do they measure him horizontally?"—Washington Star.

REBELLION IN SUMATRA.

Savage Chief Making Serious Trouble for the Dutch.

Atjeh, the scene of the rebellion, is a strip of territory on the northeast coast of Sumatra. The points occupied by the Dutch are the harbor of Ocheh and the garrison town of Kotanaga, which are connected by a railway several kilometers long.

The natives of this district, the Achehese, are the most savage and rapacious of all the inhabitants of the Dutch colonies. At one time they ruled supreme throughout Sumatra, and even to-day they are the implacable antagonists of the Dutch, while the remaining more or less peaceful tribes periodically transfer their allegiance from one to the other of the two rivals.

The instigator of the present rising, Toekoe Djohan, or Umar as he is sometimes called, has on more than one occasion voluntarily surrendered to the Dutch, who, in spite of the horrible massacres and craftily planned murders of ships' companies of which he was practically guilty, acknowledged his "princely dignity" and looked upon him as a welcome instrument to assist in quelling the revolts of other tribes, for which they paid him a substantial yearly salary.

Toekoe Djohan is a tall, slim man between 30 and 40 years of age. Like the majority of his followers, he professes to belong to the Mohammedan faith, but in reality he has no particular respect for the tenets of that religion. He is a courageous and clever leader, and these qualities, together with rare cunning and the fact he has had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with the Dutch methods of campaigning, render him one of the most formidable chieftains of the Achehese.

He is now once more on the warpath, and for a change he is collecting the different tribes with whom he was recently at feud for the purpose of conducting hostilities against the whites. Thus what was the generally foreseen new proves to be the case—namely, that it would have been better to have shot this cold-blooded murderer of women and children instead of acknowledging his princely dignity. It is to be hoped that the Dutch will succeed in capturing this disreputable ruler, and that they will once for all effectually put an end to his warlike undertakings.—London Times.

The Lantern Fly.

One of the largest and most curious of the many luminous or lamp-bearing insects is the large lantern fly, a species of the firefly peculiar to central and northern South America. The great lantern is hardly as large as the common dragon fly or "snake feeder," but like that creature it has lace-like wings and an elongated abdomen. In Central America, particularly in Costa Rica and Panama, the Indians capture them by thousands, using them as decorations for their headdresses, saddles, etc. The Frenchman, Renard, who visited Guatemala in 1892, declared that the Indians used lantern flies in the same manner that we do torches and lanterns, and that by the light the insects gave out they were able to find their way through dark woods and swamps.—Chicago Chronicle.

The dog, considered with reference to his scientific classification, is a digigrade carnivorous mammal, belonging to the genus canis and the family Canidae.

Summer Homes.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Nearly all are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts are easily reached by railway and range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel-shirt costume for every meal. Among the list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. A description of the principal resorts, with list of summer hotels and boarding houses, and rates for board, will be sent free on application to Geo. H. Hafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Nor is Rason—"Is anything known of the prisoner or his habits?" Officer—"Nothing, your honor. He lives opposite the police station."—Judy.

Pino's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. Beechmiller, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, 94.

SLANDER is the revenge of a coward and disimulation his defense. Johnson.

Boils

It is often difficult to convince people their blood is impure, until dreadful carbuncles, abscesses, boils, scrofula or salt rheum, are painful proof of the fact. It is wisdom now, or when ever there is any indication of

Impure

Blood, to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and prevent such eruptions and suffering.

"I had a dreadful carbuncle abscess, red, fiery, swollen and sore. The doctor attended me over seven weeks. When the abscess broke, the pain was terrible, and I thought I should not go through it. I heard and read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I decided to take it, and my husband, who was suffering with boils, took it also. It soon purified our

Blood

built me up and restored my health so that, although the doctor said I would not be able to work hard, I have, since done the work for 29 people. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured my husband of the boils, and we regard it a wonderful medicine." Mrs. ASHA PETERSON, Latimer, Kansas.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver & Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

A SHINING EXAMPLE of what may be accomplished by never varying devotion to a single purpose is seen in the history of the McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., Chicago. For 65 years they have simply been building grain and grass-cutting machinery, and while there are probably forty manufacturers in this line, it is safe to say that the McCormick Company builds one-third of all the binders, reapers and mowers used throughout the entire world.

LATEST

and BEST

WELL

100 feet

to

2000 ft.

DRILLING

MACHINES

You are bound to succeed in making HIRES Rootbeer if you follow the simple directions. Easy to make, delightful to take.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. 4 oz. package makes 8 gallons. Sold every where.

BAD COMPANY.

The Text: "Walk Thou Not in the Way With Them."

Young Men Warned From Paths of Danger to the Safe Byways of God's Own Choosing.—Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for his subject "Bad company," the text selected being Proverbs I. 15: "Walk not thou in the way with them."

Hardly any young man goes to a place of dissipation alone. Each one is accompanied. No man goes to ruin alone. He always takes some one else with him. "May it please the court," said a convicted criminal, when asked if he had anything to say before the penalty of death was imposed upon him—"may it please the court, bad company has been my ruin. I received the blessing of good parents, and, in return, promised to avoid all evil associations. Had I kept my promise, I should have been spared this shame and been free from the load of guilt that hangs around me like a vulture, threatening to drag me to justice for crimes yet unrevealed. I, who once moved in the first circle of society, and have been the guest of distinguished public men, am lost, and all through bad company."

This is but one of the thousand proofs that evil associations blast and destroy. It is the invariable rule. There is a well man in the wards of a hospital where there are 100 people sick with ship fever, and he will not be so apt to take the disease as a good man would be apt to be smitten with moral distemper if shut up with iniquitous companions. In olden times prisoners were herded together in the same cell, but each one learned the vices of all the culprits, so that, instead of being reformed by incarceration, the day of deliberation turned them out upon society beasts, not men.

We may, in our places of business, be compelled to talk to and mingle with bad men, but he who deliberately chooses to associate himself with vicious people is engaged in carrying on a courtship with Delilah, whose shears will clip off all the locks of his strength and he will be tripped in perdition. Sin is catching, is infectious, is epidemic. I will let you look over the millions of people inhabiting the earth, and I challenge you to show me a good man who, after one year, has made choice and consorted with the wicked. A thousand dollars reward for one such instance. I care not how strong your character may be. Go with the corrupt and you will become corrupt. Clasp with burglars, and you will become a burglar. Go among the unclean, and you will become unclean. Many a young man has been destroyed by not appreciating this. He wakes up some morning in the great city, and knows no one except the persons into whose company he has entered. As he goes into a store all the clerks mark him, measure him and discuss him. The upright young men of the store wish him well, but perhaps wait for a formal introduction, and even then have some delicacy about inviting him into their associations. But the bad young men of the store at the first opportunity approach him and offer their services. They patronize him. They profess to know all about the town. They will take him anywhere he wishes to go—if he will pay the expenses. For if a good young man and a bad young man go to some place where they ought not, the good young man has invariably to pay the charges. At the moment the ticket is paid for, or the champagne settled for, the bad young man feels around in his pockets and says: "I have forgotten my pocketbook." In 48 hours after the young man has entered the store the bad fellows of the establishment slap him on the shoulder familiarly and, at his stupidity in taking certain allusions, say: "My young friend, you will have to be broken in," and they immediately proceed to break him in. Young man, in the name of God, I warn you to beware how you let a bad man talk familiarly with you. If such a one slaps you on the shoulder familiarly turn round and give him a withering look, until the wretch crouches in your presence. There is no monstrosity of wickedness that can stand unabashed under the glance of purity and honor. God keeps the lightnings of Heaven in His own scabbard, and no human arm can wield them; but God gives to every young man a lightning that he may use, and that is the lightning of an honest eye. Those who have been close observers of city life will not wonder why I give warning to young men and say: "Beware of evil companions."

I warn you to shun the sceptic—the young man who puts his fingers in his vest and laughs at your old-fashioned religion, and turns over to some mystery of the Bible and says: "Explain that, my pious friend; explain that." And who says: "Nobody shall scare me; I am not afraid of the future. I used to believe in such things, and so did my father and mother, but I have got over it." Yes, he has got over it; and if you sit in his company a little longer you will get over it, too. Without presenting one argument against the Christian religion, such men will, by their jeers and scoffs and caricatures, destroy your respect for that religion, which was the strength of your father in his declining years and the

pillow of your old mother when she lay a-dying.

Alas! a time will come when this blustering young infidel will have to die, and then his diamond ring will flash no more splendor in the eyes of Death as he stands over the couch waiting for his soul. Those beautiful locks will be uncombed upon the pillow, and the dying man will say, "I can not die—I can not die." Death standing ready beside the couch says: "You must die; you only have half a minute to live; let me have it right away—your soul." "No," says the young infidel, "here are my gold rings and these pictures; take them all." "No," says Death, "what do I care for pictures!—your soul." "Stand back," says the dying infidel. "I will not stand back," says Death, "for you have only 10 seconds now to live; I want your soul." The dying man says: "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room. O, God!" "Hush," says Death; "you said there was no God." "Pray for me," exclaims the expiring infidel. "Too late to pray," says Death; "but three more seconds to live, and I will count them off: One—two—three." He has gone. Where? Where? Carry him out and bury him besides his father and mother, who died while holding fast the Christian religion. They died singing; but the young infidel only said, "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room."

Again, I urge you to shun the companionship of idlers. There are men hanging around every store and office and shop who have nothing to do, or act as if they had not. They are apt to come in when the firm are away and wish to engage you in conversation while you are engaged in your regular employment. Politely suggest to such persons that you have no time to give them during business hours. Nothing would please them so well as to have you renounce your occupation and associate with them. Much of the time they lounge around the doors of engine houses, or after the dining hour stand upon the steps of a fashionable hotel or an elegant restaurant, wishing to give you the idea that that is the place where they dine. But they do not dine there. They are sinking down lower and lower day by day. Neither by day nor by night have anything to do with idlers. Before you admit a man into your acquaintance ask him politely, "What do you do for a living?" If he says, "Nothing; I am a gentleman," look out for him. He may have a very soft hand and very faultless apparel and have a high-sounding family name, but his touch is death. Before you know it you will in his presence be ashamed of your work dress. Business will become to you drudgery, and after awhile you will lose your place, and afterward your respectability, and last of all your soul. Idleness is next door to villainy. Thieves, gamblers, burglars, shoplifters and assassins are made from the class who have nothing to do. When the police go to hunt up and arrest a culprit they seldom go to look in at the busy carriage factory, or behind the counter where diligent clerks are employed, but they go among the groups of idlers. The play is going on at the theater, when suddenly there is a scuffle in the top gallery. What is it? A policeman has come in, and, leaning over, has tapped on the shoulder of a young man saying: "I want you, sir." He has not worked during the day, but somehow has raked together a shilling or two to get into the top gallery. He is an idler. The man on his right hand is an idler, and the man on his left hand is an idler.

During the past few years there has been a great deal of dullness in business. Young men have complained that they have little to do. If they have nothing else to do they can read and improve their minds and hearts. These times are not always to continue. Business is waking up, and the superior knowledge that in this interregnum of work you may obtain will be worth \$50,000 of capital. The large fortunes of the next 20 years are laying their foundations laid now by the young men who are giving themselves to self-improvement. I went into a store in New York and saw five men, all Christians, sitting around saying that they had nothing to do. It is an outrage for a Christian man to have nothing to do. Let him go out and visit the poor, or distribute tracts, or go and read the Bible to the sick, or take out his New Testament and be making his eternal fortune. Let him go into the back office and pray.

Shrink back from idleness in yourself and in others. If you would maintain a right position. Good old Ashbel Green, at more than 80 years of age, was found busy writing, and some young man said to him: "Why do you keep busy? It is time for you to rest." He answered: "I keep busy to keep out of mischief. No man is strong enough to be idle."

Are you fond of pictures? If so, I will show you one of the works of an old master. Here it is. "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall was broken down. Then I saw and considered well. I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little folding of the hands to sleep, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelth and thy want as an

armed man." I don't know of another sentence in the Bible more explosive than that. It first hisses softly, like the fuse of a cannon, and at last bursts like a 54-pounder. The old proverb was right. "The devil tempts most men, but idlers tempt the devil."

A young man came to a man of 90 years of age and said to him: "How have you made out to live so long and be so well?" The old man took the youngster to an orchard, and, pointing to some large trees full of apples, said: "I planted those trees when I was a boy, and do you wonder that now I am permitted to gather the fruit?" We gather in old age what we plant in our youth. Sow to the wind and we reap the whirlwind. Plant in early life the right kind of a Christian character and you will eat luscious fruits in old age, and gather these harvest apples in eternity.

I urge you to avoid the perpetual pleasure seeker. I believe in recreation and amusement. God would not have made us with the capacity to laugh if He had not intended us sometimes to indulge it. God hath hung in sky, and set in wave, and printed on grass many a roundelay; but he who chooses pleasure seeking for his life work does not understand for what God made him. Our amusements are intended to help us in some earnest mission. The thunder cloud hath an edge exquisitely purpled, but with voice that jars the earth it declares: "I go to water the green fields."

The wild flowers under the fence are gay, but they say: "We stand here to make room for the wheat field, and to refresh the husbandmen in their nooning." The stream sparkles and foams and frolics and says: "I go to baptize the moss. I have the spots on the trout. I slake the thirst of the bird. I turn the wheel of the mill. I rock in my crystal cradle muckshaw and water lily." And so, while the world plays, it works. Look out for the man who always plays and never works.

You will do well to avoid those whose regular business it is to play ball, skate, or go a-boating. All these sports are grand in their places. I never derived so much advantage from any ministerial association as from a ministerial club that went out to play ball every Saturday afternoon in the outskirts of Philadelphia. These recreations are grand to give us muscle and spirit for our regular toll. I believe in muscular Christianity. A man is often not so near God with a weak stomach as when he has a strong digestion. But shun those who make it their life occupation to sport. There are young men whose industry and usefulness have fallen overboard from the yacht. There are men whose business fell through the ice of the skating pond, and has never since been heard of. There is a beauty in the gliding of a boat, in the song of skates, in the soaring of a well struck ball, and I never see one fly but I involuntarily throw up my hands to catch it; and, so far from laying an injunction upon ball playing, or any other innocent sport, I claim them all as belonging of right to those of us who toil in the grand industries of church and state.

But the life business of pleasure-seeking always makes in the end a criminal or a sot. George Brummel was smiled upon by all England and his life was given to pleasure. He danced with the peeresses, and swung a round of mirth and wealth and applause, until, exhausted of purse, and worn out of body, and bankrupt of reputation, and ruined of soul, he begged a biscuit from a grocer and declared that he thought a dog's life was better than a man's.

Such men will come into your office or crowd around your anvil, or seek to break out in the midst of your busy day to take a ride with them. They will tell you of some people you must see; of some excursion you must take; of some Sabbath day that you ought to dishonor. They will tell you of exquisite wines that you must taste; of costly operas that you must hear; of wonderful dancers that you must see, but before you accept their convey or companionship, remember that while at the end of a useful life you may be able to look back to kindnesses done, to honorable work accomplished, to poverty helped, to a good name earned, to Christian influence exerted, to a Saviour's cause advanced—these pleasure-seekers on their deathbed have nothing better to review than a torn play-bill, a ticket for the races, an empty tankard, and the east-out rinds of a carcass; and as in the delirium of their awful death they clutch the goblet, and press it to their lips, the drops of the eup falling upon their tongue will begin to hiss and uncoil with the adders of an eternal poison.

Again, avoid as you would avoid the death of your body, mind and soul anyone who has in him the gambling spirit. Men who want to gamble will find places just suited to their capacity, not only in the under-ground oyster cellar, or at the table back of the curtain, covered with greasy cards, or in the steamboat smoking cabin, where the bloated wretch with rings in his ears deals out his pack and winks at the unsuspecting traveler—providing free drinks all around—but in the gilded parlors and amid gorgeous surroundings.

This sin works ruin first by unhealthy stimulants. Excitement is pleasurable. Under every sky and in every age men have sought it. The Chinaman gets it by smoking his opium; the Persian by chewing hashish; the trapper in a buffalo hunt; the sailor in a

squall; the inebriate in the bottle, and the avaricious at the gaming table. We must at times have excitement. A thousand voices in our nature demand it. It is right. It is healthful. It is inspiring. It is a desire God-given. But anything that first gratifies this appetite and huris it back in a terrific reaction is deplorable and wicked. Look out for the agitation that, like a rough musician, in bringing out the tune plays so hard he breaks down the instrument. God never made man strong enough to endure the wear and tear of gambling excitement. No wonder if, after having failed in the game, men have begun to sweep off imaginary gold from the side of the table. The man was sharp enough when he started at the game, but a maniac at the close. At every gaming table sit on one side ecstasy, enthusiasm, romance, the frenzy of joy; on the other side fierceness, rage, tumult. The professional gamster schools himself into apparent quietness. The keepers of gambling rooms are generally fat, rollicking and obese; but thorough and professional gamblers, in nine cases out of ten, are pale, thin, wheezy, tremulous and exhausted.

A young man having suddenly inherited a large property sits at the hazard tables and takes up in a dice box the estate won by a father's lifetime-sweat and shakes it, and tosses it away. Intemperance soon stigmatizes its victim—kicking him out, a slaving fool, into the ditch, or sending him, with the drunkard's hiccough, staggering up the street where his family lives. But gambling does not in that way expose its victims. The gambler may be eaten up by the gambler's passion; yet you only discover it by the greed in his eyes, the hardness of his features, the nervous restlessness, the threadbare coat and his embarrassed business. Yet he is on the road to hell, and no preacher's voice, or tarting warning, or wife's entreaty, can make him stay for a moment his headlong career. The infernal spell is on him; a giant is aroused within, and though you bind him with cables, they would part like thread, and though you fasten him seven times round with chains they would snap like rusted wire; and though you piled up his path heaven-high with Bibles, tracts and sermons, and on the top should set the Cross of the Son of God, over them all the gambler would leap like a roe over the rocks, on his way to perdition.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A WHITE wild goose was recently shot at Matheus island, Me. It is said that these species of geese are very rare and quite valuable.

ENGLAND has had three "blood rains," one blue snow, three falls of black snow and one shower of unknown beetles" since 1848.

SEATTLE reports that fully 1,000 men, well supplied with provisions, have already sailed from that port for the Alaskan gold fields.

THE court at Parkersburg, W. Va., has ordered a vote by the people on a proposition to issue \$175,000 worth of bonds to aid the Little Kanawha railroad.

SECRETARY HERBERT has issued an order detailing the marine band to take part in the Tennessee centennial dedication ceremonies at Nashville June 1.

THERE are at the present time no less than 1,500 societies in Germany, organized for the protection of young women of the working classes and devoted to their interests. A weekly journal, with a circulation of 13,000 copies, is printed for their benefit.

For any neuralgia or like pain there is an efficacious remedy at hand, as has been lately proved in some families who have tried it. This is equal parts of benzoin and peppermint oil. It may be rubbed on the affected part, or a cloth wrung out of hot water may be sprinkled with it.

A PRETTY young French-Canadian girl, Elsie Lamy, is tempting the inhabitants of Lewiston, Me., to have their shoes repaired quite often as they need it. She is an expert cobbler and works at the window of her little store with apparent unconsciousness that there is anything unusual in her profession. It is hinted, however, that pretty Miss Lamy's unusual success may not be wholly due to her cobbler ability.

"SWEDEN," says a native of that country, who has just been visiting it, "is building railroad, telegraph and telephone lines everywhere. Every farmer who has 100 acres or more of land has a long-distance telephone. It is the most magnificent telephone system I ever saw, and is very cheap. News of great import is flashed over these wires from the urban to the rural districts, and the average citizen is better posted on the current events of the day than in probably any other country in the world."

THE winter of 1895-6 will be recorded as the best the cattlemen in western South Dakota have ever experienced. Cattle are in splendid condition now, when they would be thin if at all. Grass has an early start, and the indications are that the beef shipping season will open much earlier than usual. All of the companies are buying young stock liberally in Texas, Arizona and New Mexico, for shipment on the ranges here, notwithstanding the fact that they are compelled to pay about two dollars more per head than a year ago.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Marshal Frey, of the Baltimore police department, has been in the service of the city for 30 years, and has had two weeks' vacation in that time.

—Prince Albert, of Prussia, second cousin of the German emperor, and colonel of a regiment of dragoons, is the tallest man in the German army, with one or two exceptions. His height stands six feet six inches in his socks.

—The people of San Francisco are already arranging for the welcome to Prince Hilkoof, of Russia, who will arrive in that city from Vladivostok early in September. He is the imperial minister of ways and communication, and he is coming to this country to inspect the American railway system.

—Mr. Barrett Browning, son of the great poet, has just been thanked by the municipality of Venice for the liberality and splendor of his hospitality. Recently Mr. Browning lent his magnificent palace, Rezzonico, for charitable purposes to a society composed of the noblest Italian women in Venice.

—When Paderewski was a struggling music teacher and got his first engagement to play in a fashionable salon for a fee of \$20 the hostess, who was delighted at his playing, said to him, as he was about to leave: "You must allow me to send you home in my carriage." But Paderewski would stand no patronizing. "Madame," he replied, "my carriage is at the door."

—Senator Quay is a very methodical man. He preserves every scrap of paper he receives and a copy of every letter he writes, no matter how unimportant it may appear at the time. All these papers are filed away after an ingenious system of his own and are classified first under subjects and then in a sub-classification alphabetically. They are also indexed with great care.

—Mrs. Kruger, wife of President Kruger of the Transvaal, who is an extremely homely woman, does nearly all her own housework, cooking meals, making her own bed and always taking a hand in the family washing. When her husband has "state guests" to dinner the good lady will trust the task of waiting on the table to no one, and donning a white apron she performs the office of butler. Her husband has a private fortune of \$25,000,000, but it's "Auntie" Kruger's boast that they live on their "coffee money"—a perquisite of \$2,000 a year allowed them by the government.

BODILY EFFECT OF "X" RAYS.

Bald Spot on the Child's Head Caused by Their Application.

The most interesting observation is a physiological effect of the X rays. A month or two ago we were asked to undertake the location of a bullet in the head of a child that had been accidentally shot. On the 29th of February Dr. William L. Dudley and I decided to make a preliminary test of photographing through the head with our rather weak apparatus before undertaking the surgical case. Accordingly, Dr. Dudley, with his characteristic devotion to the cause of science, lent himself to the experiment. A plateholder containing the sensitive plate was tied to one side of his head, with a coin between the plate and his head, and the tube was set playing on the opposite side of his head. The tube was about one-half inch distant from his hair, and the exposure was one hour. The plate developed nothing; but the other day, 21 days after the experiment, all the hair came out over the space under the X ray discharge. The spot is now perfectly bald, being two inches in diameter. This is the size of the X ray field close to this tube. We, and especially Dr. Dudley, shall watch with interest the ultimate effect. The skin looks perfectly healthy, and there has been no pain or other indication of disorder. I called attention to the place before Dr. Dudley had himself noticed it, and we were both for some time at a loss to account for it, as we had no previous intimation of any effect whatever.

But this little incident may bear a suggestion. The X rays are as yet unexplained; but the suggestion, beginning with Prof. Roentgen himself, has more than once been made that they are longitudinal rather than transverse vibrations. It is difficult to distinguish a longitudinal displacement of the ether from an electric current, as far as it goes. It is a well-known method of exterminating hair, that of sending a current to its roots by a needle. If any such quasi-electric current has resulted from the X rays, the effect upon the hair might be thus accounted for. The intensity of the discharge was not sufficient to heat the tube except very slightly; and its occasional small electrostatic spark from the surface of the tube to the hair, but which was hardly noticeable, will also not account for this effect.—Science.

Tobacco Tainted Meat Poisonous.

An inspector of meat in Paris has been experimenting on tobacco as a flavoring for meat, and he finds that the results are peculiarly deadly. A dog, when offered the tempting morsel of thin slices of beef which had been subjected to tobacco fumigation, declined the delicacy most emphatically. But when the meat was cut up and concealed within bread the dog was betrayed, and suffered in consequence. Twenty minutes after eating the food it displayed distressing symptoms and died in great agony.—Chicago Tribune.

OVER THE WORLD IN A WEEK.

The Kentucky distillers have decided to suspend operations for eighteen months.

Eight hundred miners in Colorado are on a strike. They demand equal pay with others.

The Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette and the Tribune have consolidated. The paper is now known as the Commercial-Tribune.

Jesse Barnes, in boring a well for water on his place, near Preston, Bath county, Ky., struck oil at a depth of about one hundred feet.

The British steamship Drummond Castle struck a sunken reef in the bay of Biscay and was sunk. Of the 250 souls on board only three were saved.

John Ferguson, an employee of a sawmill in Carter county, Ky., was dangerously hurt by a piece of slab thrown from a rapidly revolving saw striking him on the head.

The jury in the Walling trial at Newport, for the killing of Pearl Bryan, brought in a verdict of guilty, and fixed the penalty at death. Motion was made for a new trial.

A close estimate of the crop of oranges in Southern California this season puts it at 2,000 carloads, or 2,700,000 boxes. This is an increase of about 400,000 boxes over last season.

The courthouse at Leitchfield, Ky., together with nearly all its contents, was destroyed by fire last week. Origin of the fire unknown. Herculean efforts of the citizens only saved the adjoining buildings.

The Tennessee coal, iron and railroad company has sold 500 tons of low silicon iron to an Italian steel-making concern, underbidding English ironmasters, and has closed a contract for 50,000 tons annually.

Andy Todd and Cliff Davis, of Madison, Ky., fell out over the plowing of some corn land, and in the row that ensued Todd cut Davis with a knife disemboweling him. Todd is out on bail and it is thought Davis will die.

Three Louisville convicts at the Frankfort (Ky.) penitentiary had a well laid plan to fire the buildings and during the excitement make a rush for the gates and escape. They were detected in time to frustrate their plan.

Among the curious freaks of the Missouri tornado was that which happened at a school house in Audrain county. The wind blew with such force that the clothing was torn from the children and nothing but a corset was left on the teacher.

Three fish were caught on one hook by a fisherman at Ellsworth, Me., recently. The apparent catch was an unusually large pickerel, but in dressing it another pickerel was found in its stomach, and in the second pickerel was a five-inch smelt.

A newspaper published in an Oklahoma town, where the women recently carried the election, sent the following order to a supply house: "Please send us one small cut of a hen. Women carried the election here, and I suppose we will have to swing out a hen instead of a rooster."

Laura Champion has sued the town of Marion, Ky. The plaintiff alleges that on account of a defective sidewalk she fell and received "many bruises, strains and very great bodily injury, and was very sick, sore and lame." She therefore prays judgment against the town for \$10,000.

Albert J. Baker, aged 19, who lives with his uncle, J. W. Ginder, in St. Louis, Saturday made the first dive into the Mississippi river ever taken from Eads bridge. From bridge to water is 125 feet. Baker struck the water head first and soon came up. He swam 250 feet to a tug and was taken aboard unhurt.

John M. Mockett, a leading clothing merchant of Toledo, Ohio, discovered his wife in company with Col. Frank J. Cheney, manufacturer of Hall's catarrh cure. Cheney was unmercifully pounded by the injured husband. A suit for divorce has been filed by Mockett, and a \$100,000 suit for damages is to follow.

Marion Sparks, of Saline county, Mo., owns a mule which he thinks the largest in the country. He says it is 21 hands high and weighs 2,000 pounds. Israel Hunter, of Ohio, claims he owns the smallest horse. He says he has a live "freak" in this line that is two years old and stands only thirteen inches high.

Bill Collins, a Whitesburg bully, with a grudge against Rev. Wesley Collins, a Baptist preacher, said to his crowd, "Watch me eat him up." He made the attempt, but a second later was lying unconscious on the ground, with two front teeth missing and his face badly bruised. He was no match for the muscular divine.

Five pistol shots, followed by a wild Comanche yell, startled the police and residents of a quiet neighborhood in Louisville, Ky., the other night, and everyone thought a riot was near at hand. When the smoke had cleared away and quiet was restored, the alarm proved unfounded as it was only the initiation of a candidate into the order of Red Men.

The Kirk Christy lumber company, of Cleveland, O., that recently purchased \$30,000 worth of standing timber in Pike county, Ky., with the intention of placing three mills to work it up, have begun negotiations for the purchase of another large boundary just above their present possessions, sufficient in all to keep them interested in that section for the coming ten years.

Two McCleese brothers, of Lewis county, were arrested last week by secret service officers and taken to Grayson, Ky., for trial before U. S. Commissioner Gregory on the charge of counterfeiting. They are charged with making both gold and silver coin. Lewis and neighboring

Seventh Annual Exhibition

OF THE

Hazel Green Fair

ASSOCIATION,

At their Grounds in Hazel Green, Ky., on

AUGUST 25, 26, 27 and 28, 1896.

FIRST DAY.—Morning.

Best Buck Lamb.....	\$ 2 50
Best Ewe Lamb.....	2 50
Best Buck, any age.....	2 50
Best Ewe, any age.....	2 50
Best Boar, any age.....	2 50
Best Sow, any age.....	2 50
Best Bull or Steer Calf, under one year.....	5 00
Best Bull, any age, \$6 to first, \$4 to second.....	10 00
Best Cow, any age, \$6 to first, \$4 to second.....	10 00
Best Pair of Cattle, any age, \$6 to 1st, \$4 to 2d.....	10 00

FIRST DAY.—Afternoon.

FIRST RACE.—Trot or Pace, half-mile heats, horse, mare or gelding, 1 year and under 2, purse \$15; \$9 to first, \$4 to second, and \$2 to third.

GREEN RACE.—Pace or trot, purse \$75, mile heats, 2 in 3; \$45 to first, \$20 to second, \$10 to third.

POXY RACE.—14 hands and under, running, half mile heats, 2 in 3, purse \$25; \$15 to first, \$6.50 to second, \$3.50 to third.

SECOND DAY.—Morning.

Best Sucking Mule Colt, \$6 to 1st, \$4 to 2d.....	\$10 00
Best Mule, any age, \$6 to 1st, \$4 to 2d.....	10 00
Best Jack, any age, \$6 to 1st, \$4 to 2d.....	10 00
Best Harness Stallion, any age, \$6 to 1st, \$4 to 2d.....	10 00
Best Saddle Stallion, any age, \$6 to 1st, \$4 to 2d.....	10 00
Best Mare or Gelding any age, \$6 to 1st, \$4 to 2d.....	10 00
Best Brood Mare and 1 colt, \$6 to 1st, \$4 to 2d.....	10 00
Best Saddle Mare or Gelding, any age, \$6 to first, \$4 to second.....	10 00

SECOND DAY.—Afternoon.

2:30 PACE, OPEN TO THE WORLD.—Mile heats, 2 in 3, purse \$200; \$125 to first, \$45 to second, \$30 to third.

TROT OR PACE.—2 years and under 3, half mile heats, 2 in 3, purse \$15; \$9 to first, \$4 to second, \$2 to third.

MULE RACE.—Running, half mile heats, 2 in 3, purse \$10; \$7.50 to first, \$2.50 to second.

THIRD DAY.—Morning.

Best Horse, any age, harness or saddle, \$6 to first, \$4 to second.....	\$10 00
Best Mare, any age, harness or saddle, \$6 to first, \$4 to second.....	10 00
Best Gelding, any age, harness or saddle, \$6 to first, \$4 to second.....	10 00
Best Colt, either sex, \$6 to first, \$4 to second.....	10 00
Best Gentleman Equestrian, \$6 to 1st, \$4 to 2d.....	10 00
Best Lady Equestrienne, \$6 to 1st, \$4 to 2d.....	10 00

THIRD DAY.—Afternoon.

FOURTH DAY.—Afternoon.

2:30 TROT OR PACE, OPEN TO THE WORLD.—Mile heats, 3 in 5, purse \$200; \$125 to first, \$45 to second, \$30 to third.

CONSOLATION PURSE, FOR BEATEN HORSES.—Harness, mile heats, 3 in 5, purse \$100; \$65 to first, \$22.50 to second, \$12.50 to third.

"RAGING TAD" RING.—For the most comical turnout, the costuming of the rider or driver and the dilapidation of the horse or the vehicle, or both, are the points considered; purse \$7.50.

TOURNAMENT.—Purse \$10; \$5 to first, \$3 to second, \$2 to third; condition to be published.

FLORAL HALL EXHIBITS.

ENTRANCE FREE.

All exhibits must be the production of exhibitor. Exhibits can not be removed from the hall until the last day. The Judges for all field and garden products will be gentlemen; for all other products the Judges will be ladies. Two Judges concurring awards the premium.

Nicest and neatest made Silk Quilt.....	\$3 00
Nicest and neatest made Worsted Quilt.....	3 00
Nicest and neatest made Calico Quilt.....	3 00
Handsome Patchwork.....	2 00
Handsome Pillow Shams.....	2 00
Largest and best Watermelon.....	2 00
Largest and best Cantaloupe.....	2 00
Largest and best Muskmelon.....	2 00
Largest and best Pumpkin.....	2 00
Largest and best Kershaw.....	2 00
Largest and best Tomatoes, one dozen.....	2 00
Largest and best Grapes, one dozen bunches.....	2 00
Largest and best White Corn, half bushel.....	2 00
Largest and best Red or Yellow Corn, half bushel.....	2 00
Largest and best Wheat, half bushel.....	2 00
Largest and best Oats, half bushel.....	2 00
Largest and best Millet, 24 heads.....	2 00
Largest and best Apples, half bushel.....	2 00
Largest and best Onions, half bushel.....	2 00
Largest and best Sweet Potatoes, half bushel.....	2 00
Largest and best Irish Potatoes, half bushel.....	2 00
Best Sash or Jar of Honey.....	2 00
Best Loaf of Light Bread.....	2 00
Best White Cake.....	2 00
Best Layer Cake.....	2 00
Best Cake of Butter, one pound.....	2 00